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## A MAN GREATLY BELOVED

I TURN from this bewildering generation to tell the story of a man whose cast of character was well known to me; for all our days, from boyhood up, were friendly. Under the shadow of his death I wrote my memory of him; but in a hap of war, the pages were all lost; so that I shall now be feeling in what follows not only for the man but for the manuscript. What I then said I have forgotten; but him I shall not forget, were my life far longer than I anticipate; for more than any other, his ways and mine lay interwoven.

We were at school together, mere day-boys, to and fro. Curb your contempt, Great Schools on the night-nursery system! As baptism by sprinkling is a weak alternative to the righteous rigours of immersion, yet may avail good Christians; so the day-boy is not necessarily a disaster, though sprinkled only with the spirit of the school. Picture, without more ado, two small preparatory schoolboys, unkempt to the verge of infamy, each with a satchel loaded with the lower rungs of knowledge. Pendlebury and Pantin, Gepp and Arnold, Bouet and Maclear, formed (when thus concentrated) a ready and well-weighted weapon, with which emphasis might be imparted to any wayside prohibition. The two small consorts held their course together to catch the confluence of the tide set Schoolwards, not dawdling until the corner of Auriol Road was reached, whence the great face of the School clock could be seen, and the period of permissible delay assessed. Picture their respective fathers, ten minutes later, hurrying more methodically for the smoky passage of the Metropolitan; and you have the only form of "Forty years on" to which most Town-boys are predestined, until we discover the Empire; and, at the present rate, we shall not discover the Empire until we have lost it.

True, we had our episodes of excitement, which our fathers could hardly share. With seventeen as our united ages, there was, one afternoon on our way to School, the startling intelligence that a diabolical boy, named Hardy, had been provoked into the murder of a policeman exactly opposite the Kensington Stores. Under the convenient cover of last night's fog, he had buried his victim with despatch, and the paving-stone which he had prised up for the purpose of the interment was manifestly uneven. We inspected it with some deliberation. At School

Prayers that very evening, Hardy was (so our friend told us) to be publicly birched and expelled, and handed over forthwith for execution to a detachment of policemen still surviving and eager to avenge their colleague. Cecil and I faced these facts together at the ages of nine and eight. Nothing, we dimly felt, from what we knew of Hardy, would so well become him in his twelve years of life as his leaving of it. I think we were first drawn closely and consciously together in the shadow of this astounding crime; and though, as time drew on, it appeared that the police had not missed one of their number, the dark secret of his disappearance was shared by none but the two of us. A small boy's first self-discipline is his iron code of keeping a secret against all-comers.

In School-work, later on, Cecil and I were not much together. Our sea-routes separated on either side of that equator which girds the sultry climes of education. Mine led me to the more temperate zone of Mediterranean lore and literature. His lay across the thirsty sands of "stinks": but, out of hours, we still were one, and learnt our London side by side—one fat boy and one freckled. The freckled one led always; for he had already begun to develop a bump of locality which reduced policemen to stammering ineptitude, and an adaptability for the colour of his circumstances which was as a cloak of in-offensiveness to his insatiate curiosity. Few pilgrims can hope to invade London more intimately than two London schoolboys with their Saturdays to spare. Boys in School caps will naturally behave themselves; but it is the function of the schoolboy to follow all clues to information, and to run short of pennies in the process. Under these conditions we proceeded at our leisure to make London more or less our own, from Richmond down to Rotherhithe. Avoiding its churches and its public monuments, unless sufficiently supplied with tortuous stairs and dizzy balustrades, we concentrated on the second-hand shops, the stations, and the shipping.

Years after, these habits had landed us in a method of summer holidays so peculiar that it may be worth recording. Cecil had gone straight from school into London life and labour, and was the industrial equivalent of a "jackeroo" in a family affair—the manufacture of paint in Plaistow. From this, an annual fortnight at first, and subsequently three weeks, was ample holiday, which for nine successive years we never failed to spend together. Our method was meticulous. So many holidays (we felt) were spoiled by over-planning. A man decides where he will go, what it will cost him, what luggage he can have for convoy; and all the doors of chance are barred and bolted. Our plans, however, never varied. We would visit the world for a fortnight with £5.

On the day of our departure—usually on a Saturday—we would lunch together at the *Cheshire Cheese*. Thereafter we would visit in order those termini which owned trains running to a seaport. If no train were ready, we were forbidden by our code to linger; but shook the dust of such delay from us, and made our way to the next station; until finally we should surprise in the act of starting a train that would conveniently convey us to the coast. A train boarded in motion meant a peculiarly good beginning. Failing all other fortune, there was always



the Pool, with its fast fish-carriers from the Dogger Bank, or its General Steam and Batavier boats for Rotterdam and Antwerp. By such devices, we found our way to Spain or Scheveningen, and once for a fortnight's trawling on the North Sea. Our longest took us to Turnu Severino, far below Vienna, for £2 17s. 6d., with a bedroom built of packing cases all up the Rhine, and a motley medley of nationalities all down the Danube; our shortest holiday in mileage was the delivery of a motor boat from Oulton Broad to Poole. This last episode was characteristic of Cecil, and should have a couple of paragraphs to itself. Times were hard with us in 1910, and a long journey not to be thought of. Cecil had therefore secured by private treaty a commission to convey a thirty-foot motor auxiliary boat, decked-in forward, from its owner at Yarmouth to its purchaser at Poole. The first tidings I had of this was a summary wire: "S.S. *Sayonara*, Oulton Broad, bring alarum clock, bunch bananas." Equipped with these explicit instructions, I made my way to Lowestoft and my purchases on arrival. With the alarum clock all set going in a small square cardboard box and the bananas also suitably disguised, I spent some time searching for the *Sayonara* at the sea-end of Oulton Broad. Failing there and in the gathering dusk, I came to the sea jetty itself, along which many craft were moored. On the jetty stood a constable, with his East Anglican mind filled—had I but known it—with William Le Quex and the *Daily Mail's* prognostications of an East-coast invasion. (I would not blame him for the world; by now, who knows?) He asked my business. I explained the object of the search; but he was resolute that no such boat lay normally beneath his charge. I volubly insisted on my hope; and together we moved far out along a jetty that I might hail a boat which I believed to be the *Sayonara*. From the very edge of the quay I hailed it, when suddenly the brown-paper parcel in my left hand became vibrant with another voice. The throaty notes of an unsuspected alarum, muffled by a box secreted in brown-paper, are an alarm indeed. The constable gripped me by the collar, prepared in a moment to precipitate the spy and his petard into the profundity of ocean. With the aid of the telegram, a visiting card, and something more seductive—I am not in the habit of buying my acquittal in beer—I succeeded in escaping; but I have wondered in the years between what that policeman ultimately believed. Myself, I took train to Harwich, where I found the *Sayonara* at last, and reached her in a Berthon collapsible dinghy, which took two to hold it open, while the third man paddled hard.

A week of wet weather, and we were still anchored in the Orwell. Even Cecil's spirits were not proof against inaction; and nothing would content him but a vow taken then and there that we would board the Hook boat that Sunday night and see where it might lead us for a few days, while the weather had time to improve. The conditions of this escapade were stringent. We were to visit as many countries as we could keep awake for; we were not to close our eyes from landing until the homeward run; we were to order no food except omelettes, and not to repeat the same variety. On Thursday we came back having visited Holland, Belgium and Germany, having consumed twenty-one omelettes in the process, and bringing with us a complete change of weather. The next

morning, on a falling sea, we pushed out across the Rolling Grounds for the Thames Mouth, Cecil emerging from time to time from his tending of the petrol engine to be sick each side of the boat alternately. I have met other men who are good sailormen, but bad sailors; I have never met another who could laugh at the acme of his undoing. Ah! Cecil! Cecil!

You may have gathered by now that he was furnished with some queer accomplishments for a town-bred fellow. Scouting was scarcely born, but he would have walked through any test with honour; and in him humility was so sincere as to be utterly unconscious. His humdrum work he had accepted as his duty, and schooled himself in technical efficiency. But far beyond these exactitudes of his trade, he had touched in his prehensile mind whole shores of information on the subjects which are the rarities of general knowledge. We may laugh too readily at the little books of popular learning which once reposed at a respectful distance from the Family Bible. But the ease with which the human voice now travels does not mean that the thing said is more worth the saying; and "Geography and the use of the Globes" was a more painstaking method than any we dare to employ to-day.

Cecil was primly conscientious in many of his ways; and never abated the habit of intelligent questioning. He read travel and exploration widely, and with no literary prejudices whatsoever. His self-taught astronomy was first-rate; I remember this verdict once from a competent amateur to whom I took him. Poetry he had never plumbed; philosophy was "out of my line altogether"; Art—what his sister, an artist by vocation, taught him\*; Music—an adept on a mouth-organ; Religion—you shall hear. Meanwhile, his two chief aptitudes were these, a quite extraordinary gift for spoken languages, and a habit of physical energy which had the whole nerve of the man behind it. As for his gift of tongues, he had lived for a while both in France and in Germany; and for him to live without learning was unthinkable. Out of school, he was the most persistent scholar, and his mind was always at the ready, to piece together fragments and arrest the keyword of an unfamiliar conversation. To French and German he added by this means some Dutch, some Spanish, more than a little Italian, a few words of modern Greek, and a smattering of Roumanian and of Russian. You know the clever fellow, who can do nothing with a music score, but whose deft fingers never fail to find the chords for an accompaniment? Cecil was just such a one in his improvisations on the babel of Europe. He would puzzle over a *patois* for the first five minutes, and then launch out, laughing—as always—at his own mistakes, with a growing wonderment in the tones of his interrogator. I can see him thus in sandshoes, crumpled trousers, and an old blue jersey, gossiping with a shepherd talking Catalan on our way to Andorra, and joking with the Turkish sentries on the strange river-island of Ada Kaleh. Of all this, he thought nothing; but he would listen with admiration to his companion's laborious conversation in the worst dog Latin, with a courteous Canon of Estergom Cathedral.

\* "I don't understand Art," he said one day, "but you ought to see the fine thing my sister has painted on the wall of her girl's club—a coat of arms, all improper, supported by two cupids stagnant."—Ed.



Physically he was insignificant, but with a lifelong habit of pure pertinacity. Once or twice I have seen him exhausted, but I have never known him beaten. By the side of my discreet timidity he had no nerves and never leaned to creature comfort. Yet in all things not essential—when there was no utter necessity to push on—he would give way without a word of comment to the sedentary wishes of his unwieldy companion.

To Cecil, life was one huge game, a series of surprises. Entertainments wearied him. It meant so much sitting still; and he was not one by nature who needed the box office to provide him with the wherewithal of humour or romance. People to-day of all classes seem to assess the fun they are having by the money they are spending on it. With Cecil, cheapness was no fetish, but just part of the fun. Athletics had little interest for him. If made to play a game, he would do so with good temper and some native skill; but wind and weather and all things that moved in earth and sea and sky exulted him, and Mr. Greatheart would have loved him surely, for he would have found him, like Mr. Valiant-for Truth, "a man of his hands."

I remember one Easter Monday at my home, new built in the New Forest, when the choice lay between tennis, which he had no time for, and gardening, which I knew he loathed. Now Cecil was ready for anything, from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter. The day had been an ideal one hitherto. At five o'clock that morning he had remembered that there were other ways of travelling the distance between London and Beaulieu than by train, and had already bethought himself of the ruins of what had once been a car on the reconstruction of which he had been busy in his spare time. This object, named (if I remember rightly) "Collapsible Charlie," he had pushed into the road; he had then coaxed it with white magic to cover one hundred miles by Bank Holiday breakfast time. My father, knowing Cecil's temperament, prescribed the digging of a ten-foot well behind the tennis lawn. Cecil agreed with eagerness; but as the day was hot, suggested to me privately that digging was an art as old as Adam, and that there were more effective ways of making holes. Dynamite, for example, blew downwards, and an adjusted charge would save time and please the village. Had I any dynamite about me? Well, as I hadn't, the next best thing was to obtain its constituents from three chemists, not too adjacent, and compound our own. It would save time in the long run, and do the job neatly. I argued vainly that the nearest chemist was six miles away, and that all shops were shut. He pointed out that if the well was urgent, the dynamite to urge it became also a matter of urgency. We were justified in knocking up any chemist on such a mission, though its actual nature could not be disclosed. We positively started, and ran the wreck to Lyndhurst. Within the chemist's shop, behind the dull light of drawn blinds, Cecil asked blandly for constituent number one. The thing was not in stock, and with polite distress Cecil emerged crestfallen to coax the contraption home. From tea-time onwards, I can see him slaving to make up for lost time. Far into the spring night, with the aid of one spluttering headlight and a stable lantern, we dug our pit in the light gravel. At eight feet or so we came on water, sank a box to bind it, and had a midnight supper then and

there with a tin of sardines and some Oliver biscuits. Which feast concluded Cecil drove through the night to work at Plaistow next morning.

The deeper things than surface wells, what can I say about them? We were confirmed together, and when we parted afterwards, I fear I only remember Cecil saying: "Oh, I forgot—our cat had kittens yesterday!" Long years after, I remembered this, when told (among the private anecdotes of the Abbey) what Edward VII. had said on coming out from the Thanksgiving service for his recovery in 1888. But perhaps, as Talleyrand averred, words are chiefly given us to conceal our state of mind. I am writing of my friend, not as a tract, but truly; and would not claim for him a meditative grasp of the unseen, which was not in his nature. He had beliefs, and lived them more forcibly than most of us. But Church once again meant stillness, and time consumed with nothing tangible to show. In my early days of fervour I would take him with me, but when I went to Oxford, he found himself part owner of a small racing yacht at Richmond and spent his week-ends at the Canoe Club. At this stage of our friendship I was in no condition to point him skywards, for by my second year at Oxford I was myself adrift, and could hardly complain that he was riding more and more loosely to his moorings. My real distress was that the tide under him was shallowing; for a life aground in littleness is in a far sadder state than any soul far out on the high seas.

Cecil's work at the time was irksome beyond his utterance. He was by now in that intermediate position where he had responsibility without authority. Blame reached him undiluted, but credit scarcely filtered down so far. The more extensive the concern, the more common is this stage of petty suffering; and it is corrosive rather than disciplinary to the eagerness of a junior who has set himself to his career in earnest. We do not know what bitterness of spirit politely cashes our cheques, or renders our accounts with rubber compliments. Anticipating legislation, the firm had gone forward to provide a range of baths for their workmen, whereby the ill effects of the various processes of paint manufacture might be discounted. The baths were in a range of cubicles with catches to each door, securing privacy for the occupants. These catches gave Cecil a pernicky problem; for some of the older workmen, indifferent to industrial hygiene, would shut their doors and seat themselves for a statutory period beside their baths, engaged with pipe and newspaper. The English temper reacts against the ethics of precaution, more especially when the grandmotherly edict is administered by a junior subaltern. How well we learnt it later! but at the time, Cecil was finely frenzied over it, blamed by both sides, and humorously desperate.

By this time I had attached myself to the tail of that most Christian Comet which led far wiser men to Bermondsey. Neither *Across the Bridges* nor *A Student in Arms* had yet been written, but the Franciscan figure of Dr. Stansfeld\* had passed like the Pied Piper through the 'Varsity and bidden us to the Boys' Clubs

\* An account, by Alec Paterson, of Dr. Stansfeld and the Oxford and Bermondsey Club appeared in this JOURNAL in June and July, 1924.



at "Dockhead," "Gordon" and "Decima." Myself, I could contribute nothing to the spirit of that spot, and was as much out of place as an American arriving at Oberammergau by aeroplane. But one thing "Bermers" owes me: I took Cecil down there for his first few visits. The only non-Oxford man at the time enlisted, he was shy (as he could be) at the beginning; but after a few post-mortems on the leg of mutton at Riley Street and the discovery of some of his own boy messengers in the Clubs, I was only a clog in the proceedings. Men yawned at the Canoe Club and wondered after him. His bed at home, ornamented with the text *Nicht Hinanstehen* (Do not lean out), once stolen on a jaunt in Germany, knew him less regularly than ever; and high in a half-crown attic, sublimely and insecurely perched beside the Pool, he set up with some others a most *al fresco* menage, with sardines and sundry sausages, and milk fetched in your shirt-sleeves from a shop secreted among the warehouses and tanneries.

*Si monumentum requieris, circumspice.* Most of his Club boys died in the same war as he, and yet I fancy it will be some while yet in Bermondsey before his memory is clean gone for ever. His contribution was so distinct from that of the budding servant in Church or State, who manned the pre-war philanthropies of Oxford. Naïve to the verge of imbecility, spontaneous and unstudied, his utter identification with their moods, their jests and jeers, their heroism and humour, endeared him to them with less impediment than any. He stood alone among his brother workers, more capable, more brilliant than he, as having no theory to explain, no moralising axe to grind, no notes to take, no book to write, no categories of conduct to assess. Alone again, in that he knew more than a little of their working conditions by first-hand experience, the insecurity of their tenure, the ugly menace of a curt dismissal when the end of the blind alley is reached. As a social worker, the undergraduate has an *élan* all his own; but it was Cecil who first showed me that a City need not rest all its boys' work on the student classes. Maybe, we ask too much of them, and tempt them to lay their gifts on every wayside altar. Once win the City's sportsmen, the honourable train-bands, the juniors of the West; and not a boy in Bermondsey or Bow need lack the friend he needs.

And the reaction? Sobering, no doubt, but none the worse for that. At the present pace of increased expenditure and decreasing ability to live quietly and work and save, two evils tend more and more to become normal among our junior men. The first of these is debt, no longer viewed with much distaste. Legislate as we may—and should—against the moneylender, our City juniors are in little better case as a class than the pathetic Bengali, "failed B.A.," so surely in the clutches of the Pathan or Kabuli. True, the banks have a drastic code for dealing with any junior officer of theirs who contracts outside debt. No circumstances can extenuate, and no frank confession make dubitable his dismissal. Seeing their responsibility to the public, the bankers' attitude is not surprising; but their by-law is a bludgeon which would not be so often needed if the banks were not themselves grave offenders in the second department of the junior's difficulties.

The second matter is the average age of marriage, which has risen in England since the war from twenty-three and a half to nearly twenty-seven. Now the agricultural and industrial worker is still marrying young, and the heightened age is mainly due to the refusal of big businesses to grant a marrying wage at a marrying age to the blackcoated classes. It is difficult enough, as prices stand, for a bank officer to marry at thirty, and we are thus, it seems, content to rob some of the most serviceable stock that survived the war of children begotten before middle age sets in. Meantime we fill our cities with compulsory and embittered celibates. It is a matter for more exact enquiry, but I for one would urge that every wholesomely conducted business should aim at enabling its employees to marry, if they wish to, soon after twenty-five. To deny the right persistently is to injure the race irreparably; and our stock is none too plentiful in the world, nor ever were its characteristics in greater demand. Meanwhile there can be no wiser course than to urge the practice of Social Service as a normal weekly duty upon every young man capable of such responsibility. He will be the wiser father for having handled a Scout Troop or a Boys' Club, and the saner in his citizenship for the insight thus afforded into conditions far different from his own. No man, unless defective or uncontrolled, has any right to be thought a sportsman or a gentleman who has not cultivated some unselfish hobby or disinterested interest. "You were always a good man of business," said Scrooge to Marley's Ghost. "Business," the Ghost replied. "Mankind was my business! The common welfare was my business! The transactions of this money-changing hole were but one drop in the ocean of my business!"

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The discerning reader will have long ago observed the tortuous character of these recollections. In New Zealand, they tell of certain uncertificated mariners who pursue a coastal trade, finding their bearings only by recognising the barking of the various dogs which guard the herds upon the coastal hills. As a biographer of my friend, I am no more skilled than these "dog-barking skippers," for I sail by no charted course, but simply from this memory to that.

The rest is best said quickly. In September, 1914, Cecil went out as an interpreter, and took part in the retreat from Antwerp. From the Interpreter's branch he was transferred to Ordnance, and thence again to Railway Transport. In eighteen months he rose from "checker" to Second-in-Command at Calais, whence once or twice he came to Poperinghe to see me. Once I repaid his visits, and found myself beside him one dark night emerging from an inspection of Dunkirk Docks. The old French sentry challenged us, and went so far as to enforce his demand for the password with a levelled bayonet. Cecil, quite unperturbed, leant forward lightly, and, with a courteous apology, unhooked the old man's lantern from his waist belt. With the other hand he extracted from his pocket a schoolboy's collection of tram tickets and string; for on the corner of one tram ticket he had written the password for the day. This with becoming gravity he then pronounced, returning the lantern and the saving ticket to the astonished Territorial. Thus we passed out together.



By this time the comparative safety of his work had grown more and more insufferable. He applied for leave to join the Air Force, and was refused as indispensable. At last persistence had its way. He dropped two stars with joy, and carried his marvellous nerve and eyesight, his skilled cartography, his delicate delight in every trick and mood of high-powered engines—and they have many—to his last episode of war. In half the usual time he was a certified Observer. Then followed his Pilot's wings, though over the official age to gain them. From a fall (of some 4,000 feet in all) upon the Somme he was taken up for dead, and only asked "Who's been turving over the sky?"—he had fallen free of his machine, upon his face. Returned to England, and rallying marvellously, he was appointed instructor and Flight Commander at a Western Station, never losing the life of a pupil. One Autumn day in 1917, when I was home on leave, he flew over with three other single seaters to see me. One pupil made a poor descent into a field studded with pensive cows and ringed with trees. Cecil first straffed, then laughed, then climbed into the cockpit and flew the solo somehow to its proper berth. Later we said good-bye; and something in his mien then told me that it was likely to be good-bye indeed.

Once more he forced his way to France, joining this time the terribly honourable Night-Flying Corps. On May 16th, 1918, he piloted a great new Handley-Page to bomb submarine bases at Bruges. Caught in some cunning wires, they crashed to earth; and were dragged dead and dying from the wrecked fuselage to make a photograph so fearful that, when I saw it, six months later, a friend had to walk me to and fro far into the night till kind exhaustion quieted me. Two days after his death, the German Air Force took possession, and buried them near Captain Fryatt in the Steinbrugge Cemetery of Bruges.

Though for four years of war in bondage with her children, no grave hurt was done to the sweet City of the Counts of Flanders; and for those of us who were stationed in the Salient, the thought of Bruges lying beyond the desolation was a faint parable of Paradise. Then, in 1919, Bruges was Paradise Regained; and year by year, our ever-growing pilgrimage from among the household of Toc H would find its way thither, to the *Panier d'Or*, coaxing gendarmerie to a kindlier tolerance of the final "Auld Lang Syne" in the Grand Place. But our true trysting place was in the military area of the Cemetery, where, among hundreds of neat *Unterseebooten* graves, there stood the crosses of Cecil and his companions. To-day, they are there no longer; they are a trifle nearer home. If you would find them now, you must pick your way down from Hill 60, by the side of the tiny railway. Ten minutes stumbling will bring you to a narrow strip of almost English greensward,\* where with no great concourse round him, the form of my best friend lies hid. If his spirit is still the same, if he has not (like Browning's tortured saint), "forgot it all," there must be a little thrill of laughter that they should have laid him—a good railwayman in his time—so near that most placid of created things, a Belgian branch line.

\* Larch Wood Railway Cutting Cemetery, two miles, as the crow flies, South-East of Ypres. Some of the Toc H pilgrims of 1926 visited Cecil's grave and laid a laurel wreath there.—ED.

Dean Swift speaks somewhere of a madman who claimed to be able to extract sunbeams from cucumbers ; yet at least the sun has touched the cucumber bed more often than it has visited a paint-factory in Plaistow. None the less, what the madman claimed, Cecil had indeed achieved ; and where he moved, the drabdest detail of the working life showed full of unexpected colour. Across twenty years I can see him now, one night in Rotherhithe Street, when the awful alternative of bed-time was stirring in our minds at mid-night, parry the disintegration of his party by the explanation that no one was really tired, but only tired of talking. "Let us now do something worth while." With this, he dragged in a bath-tray and poured into it some six inches of water. In this he launched his bowler hat, and using the sides of the bath as parallel bars, balanced himself head downwards above the water. From this position he explained that bobbing for bowlers was a manly version of the old bobbing for apples, that competitors who felt themselves physically at a disadvantage could employ others to hold the bath from upsetting, and even to hold their feet on high. The real art was now to lower yourself on your hands in such a manner that the head might be firmly inserted in the bowler hat. Which done, competitors would endeavour to complete the arc of the summersault, retaining hat upon head. For the next hour, the moist game went on, until the bath was spilt for the second time, and the bowler reduced to so much sea-weed. So passed a *Nox Ambrosiana*. Yet of that midnight party in Rotherhithe Street, there is no other pen than this one left scratching. At least, Cecil was right in his diagnosis. We have talked long enough, let us now do something worth while. And, if the world is upside down, we are like to be topsy-turvey too. The summersault may cure you, for then you will no longer have the world at your feet, but (like a Christian Atlas) you will find yourself sustaining it above your head. So Cecil Rushton found the joy of service. In the end, as Jeannie Deans observed, it is not what we have done for ourselves, but what we have done for others, that we shall think upon most pleasantly.

TUBBY.

A NOTE : The Editor's blue pencil drops from his hand as he reads the proofs of Tubby's pen-picture of Cecil Rushton, and he falls into the first person singular. For I knew Cecil ; I lived with him and loved him. More accurately, he came to live with me—for the "half-crown attic, sublimely and insecurely perched beside the Pool," was precisely a quarter of my own little house in Rotherhithe. The other attic was occupied by the third member of our household, who also has joined the Elder Brethren : the two tiny, crazy lower rooms were shared by us three, and saw many a queer party under Cecil's inspiration. In the first attic the *Nicht Hinanslehnen* notice hung over Cecil's bed, and the alarm clock (christened "Albert") stood within reach—except when, on a watch-chain of string, it travelled in Cecil's coat pocket ; my own camp bed was in the other corner of the same bare and cheerful room. More often than not the attic was empty, and we two were sleeping (*when* Cecil slept) on the big, open, wooden balcony overhanging the Thames. And there were nights when sleep was frankly abandoned : "Let's walk to the crack," Cecil would say, and so we set off to reach the place in the middle of Tower Bridge, where the roadway opens for shipping to pass. The "crack" was, in truth, just the starting-point : we would pass the small hours chatting with the engineer in the stifling stokehold of a steamer at Billingsgate, and see the dawn come up in Chinatown,

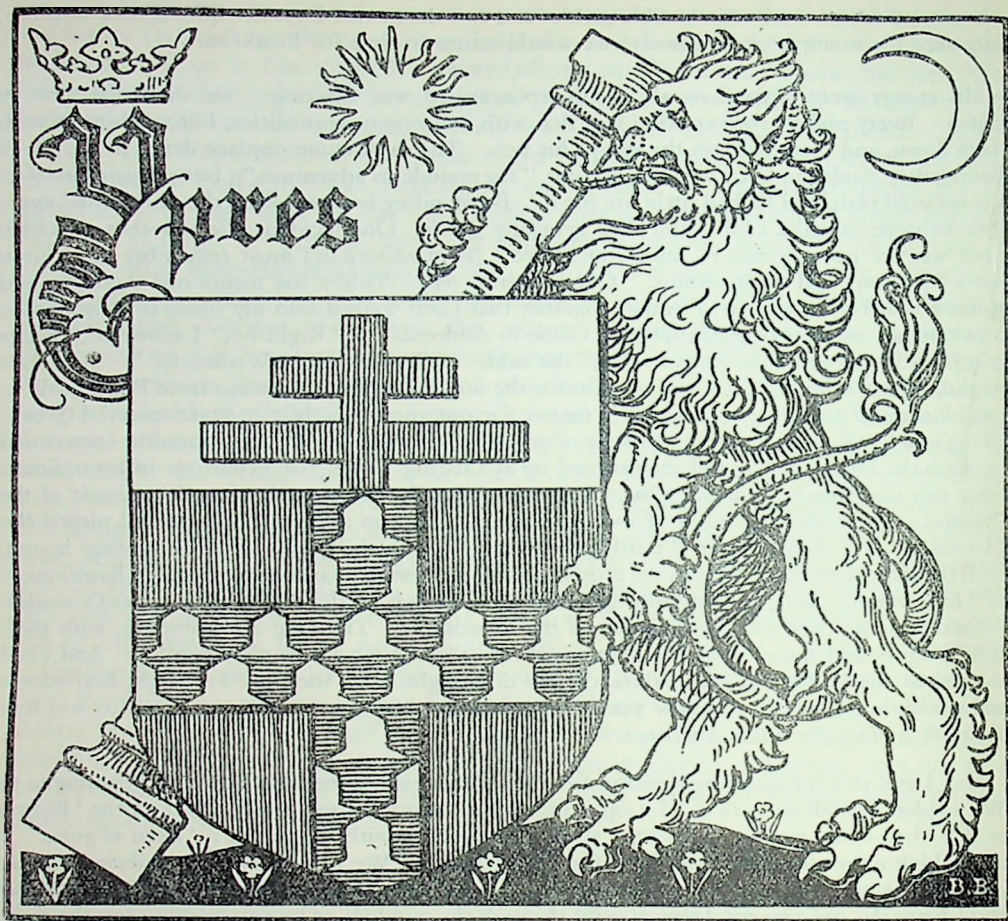


whence (laden with a jar of incredible pickles and two dozen dried oysters spitted on a bamboo, bargained for in improvised Chinese) we would return in time for breakfast.

His energy went beyond us all. His spontaneity was amazing: we shall not meet its match. Every night's conversation was rich with impromptu absurdities; but ask him to write them down, and they froze on the nib of his pen. The most commonplace detail in the life of Bermondsey might, in Cecil's hands, become "the prelude to adventure"; but present him with a considered plan, and he had little use for it. Bermondsey boys expected the unexpected every time he came into the Club—and they generally got it. One incident after another, of which Cecil was the hero, comes to mind; but "we" (semi-editorially) must remember that this is but a foot-note, and must refrain. One reference only—Tubby has mentioned Andorra, and it was a year before their trip thither together that Cecil walked into my room in Bermondsey on a summer night, saying, abruptly: "Come to Andorra." "Right-ho," I answered, "where is it?" "I haven't the slightest idea," he said. "We start next Wednesday." And start we did, a party of five. Cecil laid plans as for the South Pole, ordered maps from Paris, made us buy all sorts of strange kit, designed a carrier for our packs (happily it never matured!), consisting of a plank supported on three pairs of perambulator wheels ("cheap—portable—warranted to climb the Himalayas"), and then turned up at Charing Cross for departure in his ordinary office suit and wearing a bowler hat which he eventually hung on the frontier-summit of the Pyrenees. From the first night of our trek, when he lay on a French hillside and played the *Marseillaise* on a mouth organ "until the rain stops" (which it didn't for twenty-four hours), until the last, when he led us into the crowded dining-room of a fashionable hotel in Barcelona—in "full evening dress," chiefly distinguished by a trailing scarlet sash and shepherd's sandals—Cecil was the inexhaustible impetus of the expedition. Trekking and camping, with their little fatigues and minor mishaps, always provide the index to a man's character. And Cecil showed us the leadership and endurance, the downright skill, the infectious light-heartedness and unselfishness, which—so few years after and on a vastly greater stage—were to win him his place among the Elder Brethren.

May I end this intrusion by quoting from a letter which I find I wrote from Poperinghe to Bermondsey friends in 1918: "I dropped in one afternoon to see Tubby Clayton, the 'Bishop of Pop,' one of the padres of the war, and he greeted me with the words: 'Cecil is gone.' I don't think either of us said anything for a little while. We just sat and remembered a great many things about 'Rush'; and if he had come into the little canvas hut (*Talbot House was closed during this bad time and Tubby in exile*) through the window or by any opening but the right one at that moment, I think we should have found it the most natural thing in the world. . . . He was so much more than the most astounding humorist we have ever met—or there might be only a crop of good stories of him left to us instead of the great love we have for him. Perhaps we once thought of his life as a shallow, noisy stream; some of us looked—though not often—into the deep and quiet water that was always there. For Rush was the shyest soul alive when it came to himself. He was one of the most unselfish, but he never made a song about it. Looking back, I think that each of us who knew him well in Bermondsey can call to mind some little thing, something so simple that we hadn't thought of it before, that Rush did for us. It all seemed so natural when he did it that we took it as a matter of course, and never thanked him for it. . . . He found in Bermondsey some of the old things—hopes and beliefs and happiness—of which he had begun to lose track. He found priceless opportunities of letting off steam, not only by saying things at which we shall never forget to laugh, but by doing things. He was always doing things, the wildest things, the kindest things. It is unthinkable that he is not doing them still: such men as Rush do not die. No brighter or simpler or more beautiful spirit has passed from our Clubs to join the rest of us."— B. B.





Gules a Cross Vair; on a chief argent a Patriarchal Cross of the field. Supported sinister by a Lion or holding on his interior shoulder a Column argent.







## The Cross of Pride and the Cross of Pain

ATURDAY NIGHT IS a breathing - space between the week's work and the festivities of a Belgian Sunday. On such a night—April 23, this year, to be exact—Grim and I were sitting together outside a *café* in the Grand' Place of Ypres. I don't think I need describe my companion in these pages

again: Theophilus Grimston Brown is almost as well known to the general reader of this JOURNAL as he is to members of his own Branch in London. His figure grows even rounder and his head a little more bald with time, but the engaging simplicity of his heart remains always the same. Nor need I attempt any further description of the Grand' Place. Viewed, as we were viewing it, from a marble-topped table on the pavement of the south side, it seemed almost an effrontery to sentiment and intelligence. To some men—to Grim and me that evening—the battered ruins of Ypres, now scarcely traceable, seem "for ever England," and the clean, modern market town which has taken their place a sort of phantom. This contrast between past and present was probably in the thoughts of both of us as we sat, in an interval of silence, before the *café*—Grim who had been two or three days on the ground, and I who, at his invitation, had arrived for the week-end only an hour before.

### THE LION AND COLUMN.

My eyes rested idly for a moment or two on a familiar coat-of-arms painted on the restaurant wall, and then wandered to the breast pocket of Grim's Toc H blazer, where its replica should be seen.



"I'm going to give you a new badge for your birthday, old man," I said—for the tattered fringe of red, white and blue silk on his blazer was unrecognisable as the proud arms of Ypres.

"That'll be a help," he replied. "Maggie has been nagging me about it for twelve months past. But, anyway, what does the thing mean?" he went on, pointing to the arms on the wall. "The Double Cross and the chequered one below, and the lion trying to carry an 18-pounder gun, and the sun and moon and crown?"

"An 18-pounder is too modest," said I, laughing, "I think it's one of those"—and I pointed across the Square to the columns of the Cloth Hall, which have been set on their feet again, though they support nothing now on their heads.

"British lion holding up Wipers at a dangerous angle when it looked like falling, eh?" said Grim. "And what do all the other gadgets signify?"

"Don't know," I replied. "Toc H members sometimes ask, and I mean to find out some day or other. But you haven't told me what you're been up to before I came."

"Try a cabbage," was Grim's first answer: he drew two enormous Belgian cigars from his pocket and handed me one. "They might conceivably be worse." He lit mine and his own with so ceremonial a manner that I guessed one of his rare spasms of narrative was coming on.

#### THE CROWN.

"Well," he began, "to-day, as the Cockney says, I've been having 'a bit of a walk round.' Tram to the bottom of Kemmel, struck across over Messines Ridge, lunched in a pub at Wytschaete, smoked a pipe beside the mine-craters at St. Eloi (I was in a dust-up there in '15), and went on over Hill 62. I kept going pretty steady up to then, and began to

feel my legs a bit—I'm not so nimble on 'em as I used to be. So when I got among the trees at the top of Sanctuary Wood, I lay down and lit up for a breather. The trees are quite green there now—can you believe it?—funny shapes of course, and few of them high enough to give any proper shade. But a blackbird sang this afternoon there, and I picked this scented violet" (he fingered a limp little flower in his buttonhole) "where I sat. It is high ground for these parts, and you get a pretty wide view across the Menin Road, and down beyond Ypres. And there was Wipers, with all these new buildings shining golden in the sun—Cloth Hall in the centre, the Cathedral, St. Peter's, that great new spire of St. James, and all the little spires and towers and chimneys, all enclosed in the red and green ramparts, with the new white stonework of the Menin Gate set in the front like a jewel. I had a queer fancy that the whole thing was a crown, set on the Salient for always."





"Ypres a great crown upon the brows of Courage—a crown of Remembrance, or is it of Maintenance?" I said—and then, "Why, Grim, it's the golden Crown itself"—and I pointed to the arms on the wall again.

"Don't let's get too fanciful," he replied. "Have another Bock—*Garsong, doo beer, sivoo play!*"

#### THE CROSS OF VAIR.

"Well, now," Grim continued, "I was going to tell you what happened up in Sanctuary Wood this afternoon. I'm rather ashamed of it, and I wouldn't tell anyone else: I had another of those uncanny waking dreams of mine. As I lay on my back, drowsing with my face to the sky—whizz! flick!—there was a sharp singing noise, and a thud in the ground beside me, almost exactly like a sniper's bullet that just misses you. And the broad chestnut leaf over my head that I'd been staring at was split in half, and showed the blue sky through. I sat up mighty quick—and in the ground, not six inches from my left knee, there stuck a long arrow, head deep in the soft mould, grey feather on top still quivering. I hadn't collected myself before a man broke through the undergrowth behind me, a real rough-looking customer in a greasy leather jacket and nondescript trousers tied criss-cross with tape, and carrying a bow in his hand. '*Hi, mossoo,*' I called out, '*napoo finish! Joo donjeroo.*' He pulled up the arrow and stood over me, grinning good-naturedly; then he stooped and snatched so suddenly at my watch-chain that he snapped it" (Grim dropped the broken gold links on the table-top in front of me). "'I be blowed if you do!' says I, and with that I tackled him round the knees so that he rolled over beside me. Instead of coming on with his fists, as I expected, he sat up and laughed heartily. 'I thought you was a plague-spot Frenchy,' he said, with a distinct Cockney twang. 'Long John Wichelow, I am, out of Barmsey, serving in Sir Thomas Trivet's company before Wipers.'

"'And what's your job in these parts now the war's over?' I asked.

"'Over!' exclaimed the soldier, his eyes very big. 'Ought to 've been over months ago. But Wipers is a pesky tough town, and won't be took.\*

"'It never would,' I said.

"'And if you want to know my day's work,' Long John Wichelow went on,

\*Various points in Grim's story make it clear that he had strayed into the year 1383, when the English were besieging Ypres. It was, for England, a thoroughly discreditable episode in the Hundred Years' War, and for Ypres the most glorious defence in her history—save one far greater, her defence from 1914–1918, by which the British soldier paid back his 500-year-old debt to the injured city with manifold interest. Briefly the situation was that Pope Urban VI. was supported by England *versus* the Anti-Pope Clement VII., supported by France. Urban proclaimed absolution to all English "crusaders," and ordered all English churches to give money for an expeditionary force. ("It was well known that the nobles of England would not for all the absolutions in the world undertake any expeditions, unless they were preceded by offers of money," writes Froissart drily at the time.) The English bishops preached a "holy war"; the churches raised 2,500,000 francs; Henry Spencer, the fighting bishop of Norwich, was made Army Commander for France, while the Bishop of London was to command in Spain. The Bishop of Norwich, tired of waiting for a fellow-general at Calais, decided to use "so fine a body of men-at-arms" against Flanders at once. In vain some of his officers pointed out that Flanders was pro-Urban and anti-French. He began well by plundering a monastery; he took Gravelines and his troops slew 9,000 Flemish at Dunkirk. He then laid siege to Ypres for some months. The city was gallantly defended by its governor, Sir John de Saint Py. It suffered terrible privations: whole suburbs were in ruins, the ramparts were damaged by stone cannon balls, houses fired by "incendiary shells," the water supply from Zillebeke and Dickebusch lakes cut off. Finally, in August, the King of France advanced from Arras with 80,000 men to attack the Bishop, and the English army hastily decamped to Bourbourg. The *Thuyndag*, the Day of Our Lady of Thuyndag, a statue of whom was thought by the citizens to have wrought their deliverance, is still celebrated by the citizens of Ypres. Among the "side-shows" of the expedition the skirmish at Menin Church was "a very sharp encounter" in which many Flemish knights and squires were killed or captured, to the great distress of the Count of Flanders.

'I've been in the sacking of Menin Church since early hours. We caught the Flamingo lads properly asleep there, and there was short work, but very sharp and bloody. Prisoners in galore, and the loot was lovely. You can see the smoke from here if you stand up. I got a tidy prisoner to myself, a real young nob as 'll pay a fine ransom. Come and *parly francy* to him, for, by'r Lady, I can't.'

"I got up and went beside him through the wood. By this time I had given up trying to understand what he was driving at. As we walked I passed him my pouch. He shook it, smelt it, and passed it back with a blank face: as for me, I lit my pipe again—at which he looked still blanker. 'Sweet St. Michael,' he exclaimed, 'I seen a tumbler man swallow fire once before, at Barmsey Fair, and he made a pile of groats by it. 'Tis too near magic for my taste.' Believe me, old man, it was only when he said that that I twigged I had side-slipped out of my proper century again.



"'Whisht!' said he suddenly, and fastened a hand on my arm. We stood stock still, and he laid the arrow on the string of his bow. I followed the line of it and saw a grey squirrel flink round the side of a biggish tree-stump thirty paces from us. The soldier kept his aim and waited; the squirrel's head and shoulders came round the bole higher up, and—twang!—the shaft was through him and fluttering with his body on the ground. 'That's nine,' the bold bowman said.

"'What's the point of that?' I asked—for I've never had any fancy for killing little things that can't kill you back.

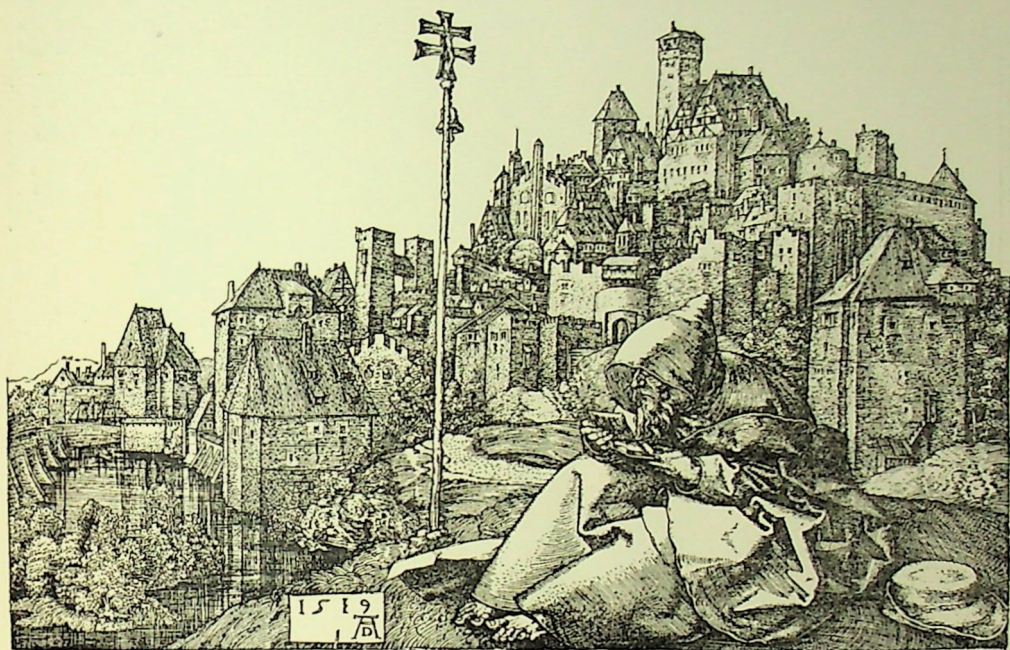
"'Our Army Commander has a mind to lead the big parade into Wipers toggged up as a prince, and not in bishop's weeds. So he ups and offers us chaps a gold angel a score for squirrel's skins to line his cloak as fine as King Richard himself. Fairy-vairy some do call it, when the little chap's pelts be stitched

up chequer-wise, top to tail, blue back and silver belly, fit to set off a gentleman's pride. 'Tis well-earned money, even for a pretty steady bowman (and I've never missed a Sunday for years, except overseas, at the shooting butts of Newington), and there's a bit of sport to it into the bargain.'

"By this time we had come a good bit down the hill, brushing through the copse, and halted face to face with a young man lying on the ground, with his shoulders propped against a big tree stump. 'Here's my Flamingo lad,' said Long John briskly. 'Ain't he a treat?'

"The Fleming, understanding the soldier's tone rather than his words, smiled in a wan sort of a way. And then I saw he was wounded. He was bareheaded, and from matted hair on one temple a thin trickle of blood glistened down his cheek; there was much blood, dry and brown, upon his white face and dirty hands. He wore a very fine jacket of dark blue velvet with a lion rampaging





“That little engraving of Albert Durer’s. . . The old man goes on reading his book—or is it saying his prayers?—for ever. . . . It’s St. Jerome sitting outside the walls of Nuremberg. He was never there, but no matter: the artist was born there and loved it. And when you come to think of it, he sits beneath the Double Cross, his cardinal’s staff”—page 319





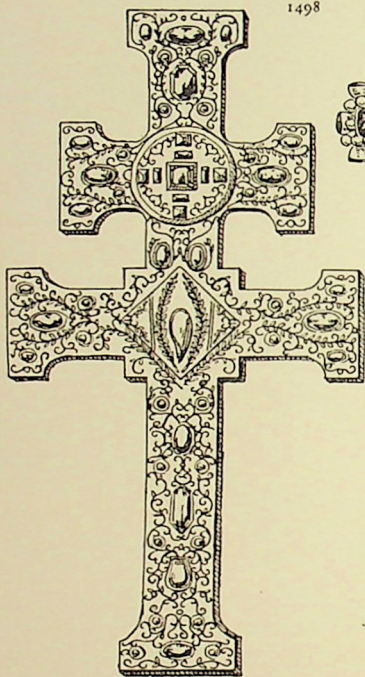
WOODCUT FROM *Sermons de St. Augustin*

1498

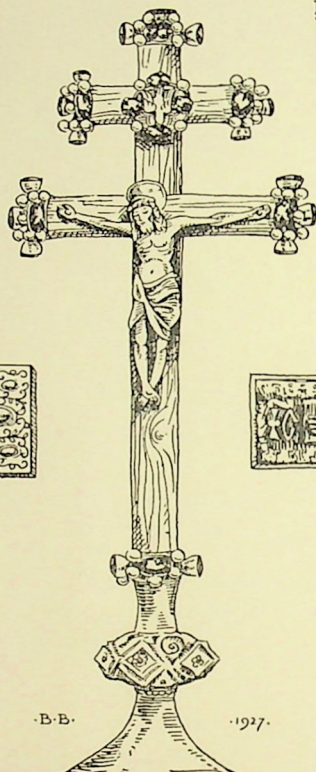
"LA VRAIE CROIX  
DE LA BOISSIERE"



PART OF AN IVORY REPRESENTING THE  
LAST JUDGMENT 11th-12th Century



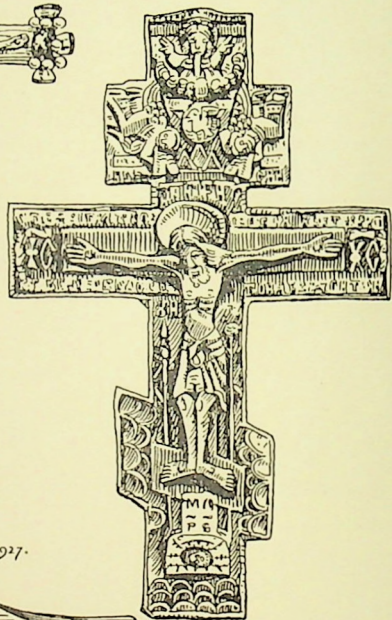
CROSS OF ST. ELOI  
formerly at St. Martial,  
Limoges, 7th Century



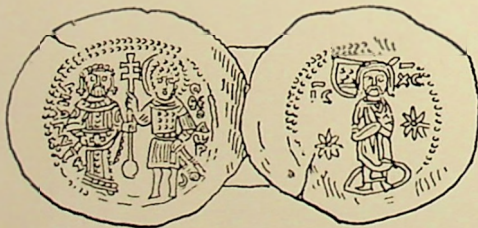
B.B.

1927.

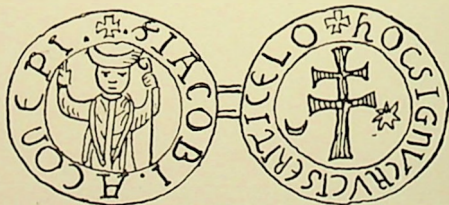
Wood of the True Cross,  
set in the 14th Century



A RUSSIAN CROSS  
Brass and Enamel  
17th-18th Century



"Bezant" of Emperor Manuel Comnenus, 1160.



Seal of James de Vitry, Bishop of Acre, 1220.



over it in silver thread ; he had unbuckled his heavy leg-armour, and it was lying, all anyhow, by his side. I put up my best bit of French, but it didn't quite seem to get across to him." (Knowing Grim's French, I wasn't surprised.) "I dare say he only knew Flemish—and that's beyond any civilised tongue. So I just got busy tying him up a bit with my handkerchief : it was a pretty nasty gash he had, but not dangerous. Long John Wichelow stood by, grinning and chatting away—'a tidy piece of doctoring,' he said, 'no wench could do it neater.' Then I helped him to his feet, and as he was a bit dizzy, Long John and I took him between us and began to walk towards Ypres. John had collected the steel leg-pieces, buckled them together, and slung them round him, a leg over each shoulder, so that they dangled grotesquely down behind and clashed like a tinker's van at every step.

"It was slow and sweaty progress that we made, for the wounded lad hung very heavily on us, and dragged his feet so hard at times that we had to stop and rest him. On reaching the Menin Road, somewhere near Hell Fire Corner, we bumped into a convoy coming back to Ypres—clumsy great farm waggons, loaded up with all manner of loot and with wounded men of both sides ; pikemen, slung round with helmets and other 'souvenirs,' trudged along beside them. At the sight of this disorderly column Long John became philosophical.

"'When you come to think,' he said, 'it's a strange, dark way of taking pleasure—trampling up and down for months and months across a neighbour's land, burning and busting, rape and robbery. My grandfather did it half his time, and my father, and I've had my share, and I'll lay my two boys at home will soon be called to do the same. I love shooting, come peace or war, and an hour of close work when the blood's up—there's no game like it. But what's at the back of it, year after year after year? Mostly it's the King of France or the King of the Scots against our King, and now it's two Popes—false and true, they say, but nobody rightly knows which is which : better they put 'em both in the bear-pit (saving their Holiness) on a Sunday afternoon, and let 'em fight it out. Us common soldiers never know the rights, for all they preach wars as God's work at home, and offer us money for our skins we don't always see.'

"The wounded man lurched so heavily that we let him sink to the ground by the roadside. We sat down, too, holding him between us, while Long John pursued his simple argument. 'That's it !' he said, quite excited as if he had stumbled on the truth. 'Money for *our* skins, the same as they pay for them squirrel skins—and for the same reason. *Pride* it is ; it's mostly the pride of the big men that makes the wars. My grandfather, when he was a slip of a lad, saved his skin from the Scots at Bannockburn when many another lost his ; my father risked his skin by sea at Sluys—the bloodiest fight that ever man made—and lost an eye by land at Crecy with the Prince. And what quarrel had one with the wild Bruce and t'other with the Frenchies as had never worried our family at home? And here's me, in my turn, fighting all over Flanders—and nobody knows what the quarrel is, seeing as the Flemings follow the same Pope

we're fighting for, and hate the same Frenchies we're sent to fight against. Nobody knows the rights nor wants to : so long as there's pride in it for the great men, there'll be fighting all his days for the common soldier. It's pride costs the skins of men like us ' (he slapped his own chest and then jerked his thumb at the wounded Flemish knight). ' The great men buy squirrel skins to cover their proud backs, and all the time it's *our* skins that they buy to make them look fine in the world.'

" He fell silent for a little, and then laughed merrily. ' Eh, now, hark at me that loved the hot hour's work at Menin this very day ! How would I weary, maybe, all the days at home, if there wasn't no fighting to be done ? All the same I'm sorry now for the lads as went down in the fight at Menin—our lads and the Flamingo lads, too. You see, they were a likely-looking company—same as sonnie here—and fought brave enough. 'Twas a pity they died—and we killed them not hating them at heart, for we didn't even know their names. War's a cross that's laid heavy on the common man's shoulders—it's a cross of pride upon the red shield of our own flesh and blood, a cross of skins, not just squirrel skins but men's. But I'm talking queer. Let's up and go.'

" So we three came limping on our way towards Ypres. ' Sing us a song,' said Long John, for it was heavy going. I'm no singer, but I struck up *Tipperary*, and we mended our pace to it.

" ' That's a good music, but the words don't signify,' said the soldier. ' And now I'll sing you a bit—a song of blood and pride, about Sluys : I learnt it sitting on my father's knee years back.'\*

Sir Philip de Valois cast was of care,  
And said Sir Hugh Kyret to Flanders should fare,  
And have Normans enough to leave on his lare,  
All Flanders to burn and make it all bare ;  
But, unkind coward, woe was him there :  
When he sailed in the Swin it smarted him sair.  
Sair it them smarted that fared out of France ;  
There learned Englishmen them a new dance.

When Bruges and Yper hereof heard tell,  
They sent Edward to wit that was in Orwell ;  
There had he no liking longer to dwell,  
He hasted him to the Swin with sergeant's snell.

\* \* \* \* \*

They came before Blankenbergh on St. John's night ;  
That was to the Normans a well sorry sight.  
So trumped they and danced with torches full bright,  
In the wild waning moon were their hearts light.

\* It is jolly to find that Long John remembered this rough, bustling ballad of the soldier Laurence Minot, who lived about 1300-1350. The sea-fight in the Zwyn off Sluys on June 24, 1340, is said to have cost the French 30,000 men.



"I can't remember any more," said Grim to me. "There were umpteen verses and the wailing sort of a tune you used to hear old soldiers sing in pubs. It was a jingo sort of a song, anyway. I'm not clear how I lost the other two, but I did. I dropped my hold under the wounded man's armpits, and Long John's voice faded out. The next thing I knew clearly was—whizz! flick!—there was a long arrow sticking upright in the ground, not six inches from my left leg. And a big Belgian fellow, with a bow in his hand, was jabbering away at me nineteen to the dozen. You see, I'd strayed on to one of these archery grounds you find in every village round here, and very nearly got pipped."

Grim turned to call the waiter. "Great Scott!" he said—and I saw he was gazing at the city's coat of arms on the wall again. "The cross of pride, chequerwise, upon the shield of blood!"

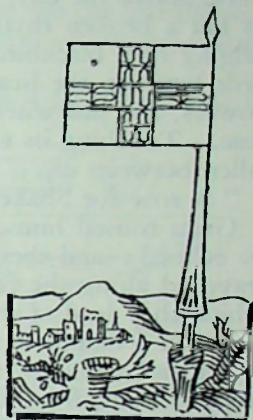
### THE CROSS GULES.

The afternoon was wearing towards a golden evening when we rose and left the *café* table. Grim took me by the arm, and turned me at the corner of the Square into the Rue de Lille. Some of the shops were preparing to light up and all were busy with customers. The door of the convent which once had been Little Talbot House opened as we passed, and an old nun, her rosy face haloed by an immense white coif, came out. A little further down the street people were entering St. Peter's Church in twos and threes, for the bell above our heads was ringing them to Benediction. We reached the Lille Gate, but instead of passing through it, we bent up the steep slope to the right and halted at the entrance to the little British cemetery on the Ramparts.

"Let's stay here a bit," said Grim, as he pushed open the low wicket and stepped on to the smooth grass. "It's a wonderful place for a man to be quiet in: he could sit here and think and remember some things—and perhaps forget others that don't really matter. Do you know what it reminds me of? That little engraving of Albert Durer's you made me buy last year—I've never regretted it. That thing makes me feel quiet, like this, whenever I look at it. The old man goes on reading his book—or is it saying his prayers?—for ever. And the little hill he sits on is a bit like this, with the water below and the city behind."

"I remember," I said. "It's St. Jerome sitting outside the walls of Nuremberg. He was never there, but no matter: the artist was born there and loved it. And, when you come to think of it, Grim, he sits beneath the Double Cross, his cardinal's staff. But you can't look out from the high castle of Nuremberg on anything as lovely as this open view."

Below us the still water of the moat reflected the sky, and out beyond, for miles, ran the level roads and flat fields, rising to the low escarpment of Hill 60, and, on the limits of vision, to the blue mound of Kemmel Hill. The spreading plume of smoke of a train emerging from Railway Cutting towards the city was





touched pink by the low sun. It all looked so gentle and uneventful in this evening mood that no stranger to its recent history could have pictured its other aspect—the sodden and tortured ground, lashed by sheets of rain from a ragged sky, spouting columns of smoke and black mud from shell bursts, lit by winking points of fire, filled from end to end with savage noise and the stench of decay and unremitting work and weariness and agony. This evening the little green plot in which we stood seemed the quietest place in the landscape. In it we stood above the city, and beyond its Saturday night bustle: no sound came to us but a broken rhythm of church bells, near and far, and the rich, deliberate singing of a blackbird in some bush beyond the Gate. The perfectly tended beds between the headstones of the graves were beautiful with their few early flowers, and just where we stood a rose bush was putting on its first precocious rose. Touching its rolled petals with my fingers, I broke the silence which had fallen between us.

“A rose for Shakespeare’s birthday and for England,” I said.

Grim roused himself from his meditation. “A rose for St. George’s Day,” he echoed: and then he turned his face from me and I saw that his eyes had travelled along the ranks of white headstones to the tall Cross of Sacrifice to which they lead at the highest point of this ground. The sun was just going down in a cloudless sky beyond the thin trees which screened Poperinghe; it cast a violet shadow from the hedge over the base of the Cross, and lit the tall stone shaft with a glowing red against the increasing dusk of the sky eastward.

“The red Cross of St. George,” said Grim.

“The red Double Cross of Ypres,” said I, “see the smaller one upon the great”—for every War Cemetery cross the huge bronze cross-hilted sword upon its stone face.

“But not *our* Double Cross,” said Grim, “the cross from the city arms.”

“Yes—and no,” I answered. “The smaller cross-bar was first made, I think, by the mocking title which Pilate nailed high on the Cross of Calvary. Perhaps when the friends came on Friday night to take Him away, they had a last look back at the hill and beheld His Cross standing up against the sky—as we see this one to-night—and saw it as a double Cross dominating their whole world. The agony of that Tree and the disillusionment of that mocking inscription must have filled all their world that Friday night.”

“Agony and disillusion,” said Grim, half to himself.

“So the double cross really stands in the city arms for crucifixion,” I went on. “I know not why in its first days—but perhaps we know somewhat more now. And the sun and moon, emblems very ancient among those of the Passion, stand on its left and right hand. There is the sun”—I pointed to the last glory just now departing—“that has kept his watch of the Cross all day, and there” (I swung my arm over the city towards Menin) “if we stayed here till near midnight, we should see the moon, in her last quarter, come up to-night and take her watch till morning.”

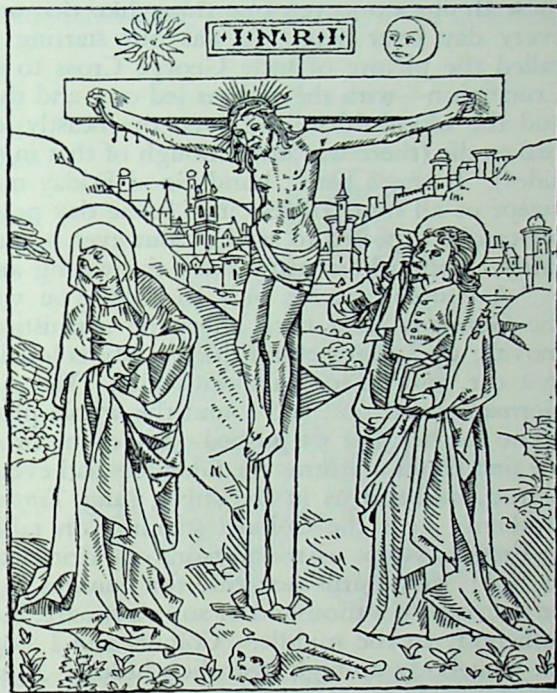
“Crucifixion,” said Grim. “Yes, you’re right—we know somewhat more of that now. I heard the Story dozens of times as a boy (churchgoer and all that, of course), but it never really *got* me until—well, you know I’m not a fanciful



man, but it was only when I saw men I *knew* suffering out here that I began to have a glimmering of what the big Crucifixion must mean. I've liked to figure our double cross this way—the big Cross of Salvation crossed again in our own days by the lesser cross of men who gave all they had. Men we knew—yes, men we loved more than—more than——”

Grim broke off, too much moved to finish. He took three or four paces away from me, between the headstones, and, turning about abruptly, faced me again with his hand resting on the top of a stone : on its face was cut that beautiful inscription, so many thousand times repeated in the Salient—*Here lies a British soldier known unto God.*

“Old man,” Grim began, “there’s many lying epitaphs in the world, but there’s never been one carved truer than this. God only knows all these lads and how much they ought to be to us. You and I saw them giving their lives for their friends—their greatest love that led them to be crucified. You’ve got your own stories about them, and I’ve got mine. One night, up over there ” (he pointed North East towards the gentle rise of Passchendaele) “I was out on my job—stretcher-bearer, you know. It was pitch dark and raining streams. As I was stumbling about between the shell-holes I heard one word, just a loud whisper, very close, from the ground—‘Jesus!’ It might have been a prayer or a curse—hard sometimes to tell. I stooped and touched a man lying there—and just then a star-shell went up and sent me flat for cover, with my face a few inches from this man’s face. It was



George Cross of our battalion. ‘Grim,’ he said, in a queer, quiet voice, ‘thank God you’ve come. It wasn’t any g-good, but I d-did try. He’s dead, I think.’ And then I found that another man, dead enough, was lying across George’s legs. As far as I could make out (his story wandered a bit and only took up three sentences anyway) George had been hit himself, had crawled into a wretched bit of cover, and then had heard this other chap calling out in the dark for a drink ; he left his hole and dragged himself about till he found the other chap ; then he stayed by him in the open. Shell burst, knocked the other chap clean out, and wounded George again. That’s



as near as I could piece the story together—for George was always one of those nervous little chaps and stammered a bit at his best. I set to work to shift the dead man, carefully as I could, off George's legs. No, not legs—one was clean gone, and the other—well, I needn't try to tell you. I couldn't help it, of course—a dead man is a deuce of a job in the mud—but it set George raving. He cursed me horribly, shouted for his mother—then got himself back for a spell, and said a little snatch of a kiddie's prayer in that queer, quiet voice, and then he started screaming to me to kill him quick. The whole thing couldn't last long—not so long as my telling of it now—and the end came suddenly. Not cut out for a hero, George Cross wasn't, but he did try when his chance came. And it was his crucifixion. . . .

"I'm sorry, old man," said Grim, after a pause. "What's the use of raking these things up—even one thing like that among the thousands that happened every day over here. It was our starting about the double Crucifixion that called the picture of little George Cross to mind. O, but the whole war was Crucifixion—with the victims led out, and the false accusers among the nations, and the blood-thirst, and even the beastly jeering of the crowd at those who had to die (there was little enough of that in the line, but a lot behind it on both sides). It was a black, blind Good Friday madness that captured the world and swept us all more or less in. Some day people will see that truth clearer than we can be expected to see it. But even some of us, too close to view the thing fairly, spotted how many-sided the wrong and the blindness were.

"A couple of cases only to show you what I mean. You remember how the Germans went back after the Armistice—so far each day and the Allies moving up so far behind them. My colonel was given a special job, on ahead in a car, and he took me with him. We got into Bruges half a day after the Germans went out, and found the whole place gone mad; we were warned to go no further, but we pushed on over the broken roads into Ghent. Ours were the first khaki uniforms the Ghenters had ever seen, and they went stark mad over us too, mobbed us in the street, sang *Tipperary* (thinking it was our National Anthem), kept the Colonel standing on tables in restaurants making speeches in French, swept us round from one drink to another all night. Nobody went to bed; they burnt furniture for bonfires in the street. At one place we came on a crowd of a thousand or so in a square, laughing, cursing and howling round somebody in the middle. Colonel and I stopped to see—and then they lifted the somebody up high over their heads. A great roar went up and those nearest struck out at the somebody with their fists and walking-sticks. It was a young woman, moaning with terror, her clothes mostly torn off, her face and shoulders disfigured with blood; they were jabbing at her head with scissors, cutting off her hair. A well-dressed little old lady beside us explained—with triumphant satisfaction—that this was a Belgian girl who had been too free with German soldiers during the occupation. She said there were lots more the crowd had dealt with or would hunt from their hiding-places before morning; some were already dead, others in hospital—a fate far too good, the old lady said. At that, my Colonel started shouting 'Let go, gentlemen!' in French, and then he and I tried to rush a passage to the girl through the crowd. You might



as well have rushed a brick wall: those that understood our idea laughed and held us back. There was no rescue—just one more touch of agony to the war's crucifixion. 'Guilty,' you may say. O yes, guilty—but I've tried to reason it out since. How do you and I know what that girl had been through—short of food, home-life broken up, starved of joy, beset, cajoled, threatened? Dare we judge her? And the crowd—terrorised for four years, fed on false news, attacked at every point of their *morale*—how can we judge them? And the German soldiers themselves—away from home and their own womenkind, driven beyond endurance, lacking so many things, facing defeat, marked out, perhaps, to be the 'cannon-fodder' of two days hence—can we judge even them as glibly as we used to do? Guilty! who *isn't* guilty? Like the two thieves, are we not all 'in the same condemnation,' and take our places, defiant or repentant, alongside, on Calvary?"

Grim paused after this outburst, unwonted for him, and then continued more quietly: "And then the Second Army took over Cologne. Some chaps in our crowd talked a bit loudly beforehand about 'putting old Fritz through the hoop,' now their chance was coming to pay off scores. But when we saw and understood what we were taking over, no decent chap (and in that sense there were few others on the Rhine) did anything of the kind. Defeat is not a funny thing to see at close quarters. Some beaten men and women bluster and some cringe, and some try hard to pretend that nothing has happened, but the best are just quiet, dignified, broken-hearted people. I remember one like that at the moment. I went into a shop in the Hohestrasse to get my

photograph taken—they were so cheap and good in Cologne. A grey-haired woman—she might be fifty—very worn-looking, did the job quickly and efficiently. She spoke English well, but I noticed she didn't utter one unnecessary word. As I was giving my name and address at the end she kept her eyes on my face; then (with a great effort, as I could see) she said an odd thing—'I have never seen anyone so like my husband as you.' She beckoned to me, turned to the stairs out of the studio, and I followed her up. She was crying, with no sound. She led me into a living room and up to a large oil-painting of a man in field-grey uniform: I must say he was *very* like me as far as I could judge. 'My man,' she said quietly. I felt very bothered, didn't know what I ought to say. Then she went on. 'He was not strong or young enough, but he went.' 'And where——?' I began. 'In 1918,' she said, 'on Kemmel Hill. He was a good man,





a dear, *good* man to us.' Do you know, a year later that woman's face came back to me, when Maggie and I went over to see the old ground. We came upon two bits of wood, tied cross-wise, stuck up on the side of Kemmel: they had German writing on, but I couldn't read it. 'Our boy painted his picture,' the woman went on, in a sort of flat, tired voice as if she had gone over the story thousands of times to herself. 'Our only boy: he was to be a great artist.' 'And now——?' I began again. 'He was killed also in 1918,' she said. 'Not in action; he was on his way the first time to the front; a French civilian stabbed him in the back one night at Valenciennes; he was not quite eighteen years old.' So saying, she put into my hands a framed photograph of a very young officer. 'A good man—our only boy'—the unhappy French patriot of Valenciennes—this calm, proud, broken-hearted woman—don't you see, dear man, how they were all caught in the same crucifixion of the war? And combinations like that happened, of course, thousands of times on both sides of the line. I had gone into the photographer's shop in a cheery mood, but I left it feeling—I can't quite explain—ashamed. Perhaps if all of us (on both sides, I mean) could keep up an undercurrent of feeling ashamed, these things wouldn't happen again.

"And then there was an afternoon when the lady I was billeted on in Cologne took me to the children's hospital. Among all the other private pictures of the war that half-hour will stick in my mind too. A long double row of cots, and in each of them a skinny scrap of a thing with a huge, bulging head and round, solemn eyes that stared at you. I knew who these were as well as the doctors and busy nurses in the ward did—children who had never had milk enough or any proper food since the day they were born until now. And now it was mostly too late. Of course, we all knew so well that argument would have been a waste of time—these were the people the blockade had hit hardest. I was only thankful for one thing that afternoon (and this was cowardly)—that those crumpled little mites, that stared so hard at one, couldn't understand and couldn't speak. How could any one of us—on either side—face their asking what we had been doing with the world, their inheritance, for four years? When I came back on leave, soon after, I began to tell an old aunt of mine about them: I thought she would be interested, as she works like a brick for a children's hospital in London. Her face all tightened up, and she simply said, 'What about the babies on the *Lusitania*?'—and we changed the subject. All the same, I tried to think her question out, and frankly I'm a poor hand at thinking and prefer to leave puzzles alone. All I could see was those helpless little creatures drowned swiftly in the Atlantic—and those helpless little creatures, many more in number, in hospitals who won't grow up, we'll hope, and had better have been drowned before they suffered; Germany trying to break her way out with her U-boats, ruthlessly—and Britain trying to break her way in with her blockade—shall we say ruthlessly? And each saying to the other: 'No war on non-combatants,' or else, 'Anyway, you began it'; and angry discussions about 'fair-play' and 'the rules of the game,' and the 'Geneva Convention.'

"Of course, I know what we were up against and why we fought, and if the world doesn't change but confronts us with the same challenge again, I pray



that England will make the same dangerous choice and stick to it with the same steadiness. I know there are worse evils than War—there's the mean sort of peace in which a nation's heart goes rotten in its breast : worse evils than War—but precious few. But, you see, I was trying for the moment to stand 'above the battle,' as some French writer-chap called it, and look at the monstrous big thing called War ; I remembered the details of it (the fine and fair and glorious ones among them) that we used to know in our day's work over here, but I really tried hard to see the whole as huger than just the Great War alone. It seemed to me that in War, by and large, there isn't much fair play possible, except in the details, and that every man-jack of us breaks 'the rules of the game,' sooner or later, and more or less, willingly or otherwise. As for the Geneva Convention—at the final pinch it proves to be a gallant and very human attempt to chain up a man-eating tiger with a few yards of coloured ribbon. The touches of 'sportsmanship' do count tremendously—especially to us English who like to play life out, from first to last, as a game—but they don't enable you to get away with War as a grand and holy thing in itself. The man who shouldered the Cross for Christ on the way to Calvary and the soldier who gave Him vinegar to drink were 'sportsmen' in an unsporting mob, but those touches of unforgotten kindness don't make the Crucifixion less than the world's blindest and most tragic murder ; they shine like stars in the inky darkness, but they don't abolish the night. No, War gives men some of the biggest chances to be either heroes or beasts or both, but in itself it's the age-long crucifixion of man by man, in which millions of men are both the crucifiers and the crucified, and where women and children are called to play an unthinkable part in the suffering. How far beyond words must the Crucifixion of God have been if this is man's lesser crucifixion, laid across it to make the Double Cross ! ”



Grim paused, looking far out over the darkening landscape of Flanders. He hadn't really been talking to me : I think he was speaking to the whole world.

"Isn't there any way out," I said, "for our children, if not for us?"

"Of course there's a way out—one way, the way offered us in the Gospel, the only way we haven't seriously tried. There's Fellowship and Service, the give-and-take of friends. You and I call it 'the Toc H spirit,' which is our funny little private nick-name for the biggest thing of all, the really victorious thing, human and Divine in one. The Life that ended on Good Friday, and then began again for ever, was no more and no less than that—Fellowship and Service here and beyond, world without end.

"For four years we just stumbled up the path to Calvary ; we crucified each other and our common Master afresh every day ; we made another cross of



pain and laid it upon His. But, unless creation is no more than a cruel joke, our children or their children's children, will find at last how the way runs beyond Calvary and forward. I daren't believe that they will *always* remain blind, or halt, age after age, on the self-same hill to crucify each other afresh. And here is *the* Toc H job, behind all the little jobs of mercy and leadership that take up our time—to put men on the road to each other and to God. The goal is the fellowship of the Kingdom to be won by service, and the Double Cross stands plain on the hill by the road, to be a warning but also a beacon light. 'To conquer hate,' you once said, 'would be to end the strife of all the ages': pain is the mysterious way, but the victory of God's Kingdom is the true end."

Grim had been carried out of all his everyday restraint; his face worked strongly and was transfigured; his arms were outspread, crosswise, as he stopped speaking, and his eyes were looking beyond the limits of mere sight. This exalted mood dropped from him suddenly; he stepped slowly—a tired, old man—over to where I stood listening, and laid a hand on my shoulder.

"Forgive me," he said, in his more familiar voice, "I'm an old fool, and



I never meant to preach a sermon on War, especially in this place which does all the preaching we ought to need. In the end, we come down to the personal touch. You and I haven't escaped this business unhurt ourselves; we've got to be, even ever so little, in the crucifixion ourselves in order to learn and understand. 'Our children' may see further than we, I said just now: I had better have said *your* children,

those two splendid lads of yours. I have no children now." I knew that Grim had reached the subject on which his reserve was hardly ever broken—the loss of his only son. His eyes could not hold his tears as he went on to speak of it.

"You know why I'm here to-day, and you've guessed that I asked you because I wanted someone to be here with me. To-day is the anniversary. The story you know already." (I shook my head, for indeed Grim had told me very little.) "Well, there isn't much to tell. It was St. George's Day in 1915, the day after the first gas attack at St. Julien—my John's birthday in more than the common sense. He was twenty years old that day, and had just got his captaincy. He led his men forward to recover a patch of lost ground. He fell as he reached his mark, they say. Nobody is very clear what happened next. He was reported 'wounded and missing'—that's all. His body may lie under that stone, 'known unto God'; it may be in the Unknown Warrior's grave in the Abbey; it may be scattered somewhere in the fields out yonder. His name is carved on the Menin Gate. The thought of all that hurts Maggie,



I think, more than it does me—for she is his mother, she brought his body into the world. But when they sing *John Brown's Body*, it isn't a comic song at all to me: it's one of the grandest hymns. 'Glory, hallelujah! And we go marching on.' We go marching on—with my John Brown ahead of us and because of him. That's why I'm in Toc H—because of John, an Elder Brother to you and me, bidding us 'go marching on.' It's crucifixion again—John's and also Maggie's and mine, but we don't stop on Calvary: we 'go marching on,' with the fellowship unbroken and half the service yet to do. Some day we shall all know exactly why 'we go marching on'—'on to the bound of the waste, on to the City of God.' O, and I'm proud of nothing in the world except that I'm John's father. That bit of pride is allowed me, I think, and I mustn't be robbed of it. The Cross of Pain sometimes may be a Cross of Pride."

Then, with a rare impulsiveness, Grim added: "There are some words I've learnt by heart, because I feel that they belong to John and my pride about him." He began, standing in the dusk in the Ramparts Cemetery, to repeat Henry Newbolt's lines: I knew them too, and when he paused at the end of each verse. I answered him by saying the chorus:—

... What men are these, of what great race,  
From what old shire or town,  
That run with such good will to face  
Death on a Flemish down?

*Let be! they bind a broken line:  
As men die, so die they,  
Land of the free! their life is thine—  
It is St. George's Day.*

Yet say whose ardour bids them stand  
At bay by yonder bank,  
Where a boy's voice and a boy's hand  
Close up the quivering rank?  
Who, under those all-shattering skies,  
Plays out his captain's part,  
With the last darkness in his eyes,  
And *Domum* in his heart?

*Let be, let be! in yonder line  
All names are burned away.  
Land of his love! the same be thine—  
It is St. George's Day.*

B. B

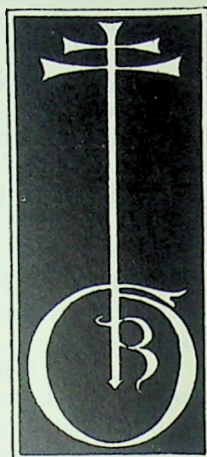




1. SCHOOLMASTER PRINTER  
St. Albans 1480



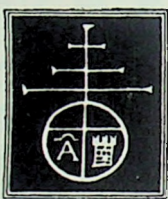
2. THE ROYCROFTERS—East Aurora, New York—Present Day  
Designed by Axel Edw. Sahlin



3. GUILLAUME LE ROUGE  
Paris 1489



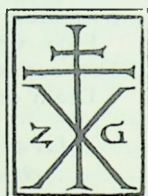
4. HERCULES DE NANIS  
Belgium 1475



5. ANDREA DE TORRE-  
SANI—Venice 1477



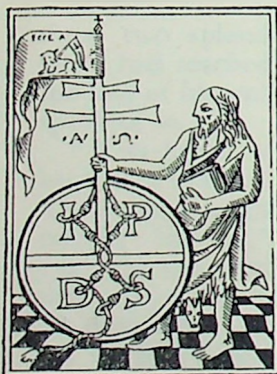
6. EGMONT & BARREVELT,  
Paris



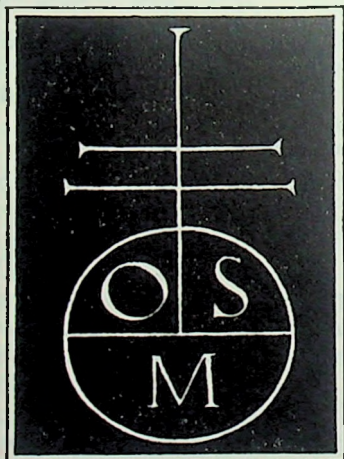
7. JOHANNES AND  
GREGOROVIVS  
Venice 1482



8. GOTARDUS DE PONTE  
Milan 1502



9. JOHANNES PASQUET DE SALLO  
Naples 1517



10. OCTAVIANUS SCOTUS DE MONZA—Venice 1498



11. LORENZO DE ROSSI DI VALENZA  
Ferrara 1482

# A SELECTION OF PRINTERS' MARKS WITH THE DOUBLE CROSS



## Appendix : The Arms of Ypres

*That week-end with Grim led me to enquire further into the Arms of Ypres, and I discovered at once that this thread can lead one very far into a great variety of subjects. A man with more time than I have could easily write a big book round these arms : I can only touch the mere fringe of it all in the notes which follow. Any readers who are interested can play with the subject as long as they like—and those who think my notes “highbrow” can leave them severely alone!—B. B.*

**A**N explanation of some of the most elementary terms used in the vastly complicated art of heraldry will help beginners to interpret the Ypres arms on page 312 and those figured on pages 330 and 331 :—

“COATS OF ARMS” : The distinctive devices by which a knight could be known in battle or tourney were “blazoned” (embroidered or painted) on the “coat” which he wore over his armour, and again on his shield. His CREST was something quite distinct, a badge, made of metal, leather or cloth, fixed on the top of his helmet (see the “coats of arms” on the shields, and the “crests” on the helmets, which hang above the Garter Knights’ stalls in Henry VII’s Chapel, Westminster Abbey).

“TINCTURES” : The surface of the coat or shield (the “field”) is covered with various “tinctures,” which may be of three kinds, viz.—

(a) “Metals” : Or (gold, represented in a black and white drawing by dots), and *Argent* (silver, left white).

(b) “Colours” : *Gules* (red, represented by vertical lines); *Azure* (blue, horizontal lines); *Sable* (black, vertical and horizontal lines crossing); *Vert* (green, diagonal lines from top left to bottom right)—and one or two less common colours.

(c) “Furs” : *Ermine*, white with black “tails” of the ermine, a kind of weasel (*Ermines*, *Erminois* and *Peau* are varieties of colour in ermine); *Vair*, the skins of the weasel or squirrel represented by blue and white “bells,” alternately upright and reversed (see further note below); *Potent*, the old name for crutch, is represented by blue and white crutch-shaped or T pieces—being skins, presumably, of any animal, thus cut out.

“CHARGES” are the devices on the “field” of the coat of arms. They are of every conceivable variety—a cross (heralds have produced some two hundred named varieties), a saint or a dragon, a flower (known to botany or otherwise), an animal (from an elephant to a cockroach), any object (from a church to a cheese, or a locomotive to a tin-tack). The Double Cross is a “charge” on the Ypres arms.

“ORDINARIES” are the ordinary ways of dividing the field of a coat of arms, and some of these are most complicated. The Ypres arms can be “parted” either “*per fess*” (horizontally in half) or in another way (see note below), and the Archbishop’s arms on p. 331 are “parted” “*per pale*” (vertically in half).

“SUPPORTERS” are creatures (angelic, human or bestial) which hold up the shield on one or both sides, e.g., the lion and unicorn with the British arms, or the lion with the Ypres arms.

\* \* \* \*

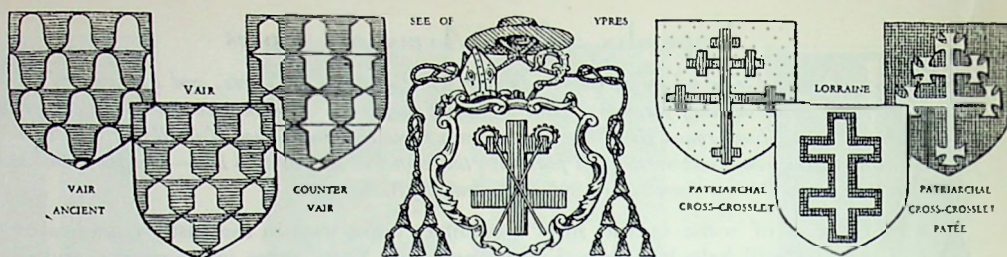
Let us tackle the arms of Ypres, as shown on p. 312, in more detail :—

### 1. THE “ORDINARY.”

There are alternative ways of blazoning the Ypres arms, and either is permissible, viz.—

(a) *Gules, a cross vair, on a chief argent a patriarchal cross of the field*—which, in plain English, means a red shield with a cross of vair on it, the top third (the “chief”) being white with a double





("patriarchal") cross of the same colour as the *background* ("field") of the shield which is red. This is the form often seen and thus it is drawn here or to be seen on Toc H blazers.

(b) *Per fess argent and gules, in chief a patriarchal cross of the last, in base a cross vair.* In other words, the shield is "parted" in *half* horizontally, instead of having one third cut off the top. This is the form approved by a Belgian Royal decree of February 26, 1844. It is therefore more official, but heraldically, not more correct, and, artistically, not such a good design.

## 2. THE "CROSS VAIR."

The *cross vair*, in the lower part of the shield, was used by Counts of Flanders, and thus came into the Ypres arms: it seems to occur on the seals of the city after 1430. But in a *Description of all the Low Countries* in French by the Italian Guicciardini, published in 1609, I find this sentence at the end of a long account of the English siege of Ypres in 1383 and its deliverance:—"This town, with the towns of Ghent and Bruges, was adorned at the same time by Count Arnold (of Flanders) with a magnificent coat of arms, that is to say a double cross, with a furred mantle (the "*vair*" cross) underneath, in token that they could guard Flanders against all that troubled her." (It would indeed be a stroke of poetic justice if the gallant city received the *vair* upon its coat of arms at the very time when its besieger, as Long John said, was hoping to line his own coat with it for a triumphal entry!) Neither Ghent or Bruges have the double cross in their arms nowadays. Vandenpeereboom, the best historian of Ypres, says that in 1490 the city "already did not exclusively use its primitive arms—the *patriarchal cross gules*," for in that year the city accounts show a payment to one Louis Gilles, for red, blue and white materials for "painting with the needle" the arms of Ypres—and what would the blue be for, if not for the *cross vair*? Besides the "Chatelains" of Ypres who had this charge on their banner (see woodcut on p. 319), the Counts of Loo (near Furnes) used it, and the Counts of Nieuport had a St. Andrew's cross *vair*. The seal of Gerard de Baillieu in 1204 shows him on his horse in armour with this cross on his shield (the seal is attached to a document in which he and Virginia, his wife, grant their two daughters a perpetual right to catch eels—*una pisa anguillarum*—somewhere near Ypres!) In old representations the pattern is often shown going sideways as well as up and down, as in the woodcut here shown.

### VAIR IN HERALDRY.

Vair, as already noted, pictures in heraldry the skins of small animals sewn together, the blue representing their dark backs and the white the white fur of their bellies. Sometimes they are sewn so that two dark skins and two white skins face one another, and their heralds call it *counter vair*. If other colours than blue and white are used it is called *vairy*, e.g., in English arms Beauchamp of Hatch bore *simple vair*, Ferrers of Derby *vairy or and gules*, Ward *vairy argent and sable*, Gresley *vairy ermine and gules*, Beche *vairy argent and gules*. The shape of the vair "spot" in heraldry has often been misunderstood. One can imagine a squirrel skin, with the head cut off across the shoulders, the forelegs outspread, and the hind quarters (minus the tail) cut to a





point: this would produce the shield-shaped heraldic vair "spot." When the angles were rounded off and the skins sewn so as to make a wavy line heralds call it *vair ancient* (see the king's mantle in the drawing on p. 316). But many writers on heraldry have described the "spots" as "bells." A very queer instance of this is to be seen in the arms of Belfast (shown above). These are an example of what English heralds call "canting" or punning arms and French heralds *armes parlantes* (speaking): heraldic puns began in the 14th century and still continue to be made. Belfast bears a triangular piece (or "*pile*") of vair "bells" and an actual bell in a corner piece (or "*canton*") to rub the pun in. (And is the ship below supposed to be sailing "fast"?) The German heraldic name for vair is *Eisenhütchen* ("little tin-hats")—another mistaken interpretation of the shape. Finally, the squirrel itself is not unknown as a heraldic "charge": a Talbot of Lancashire bore three purple squirrels, with bushy tails and all, on a silver shield.

A mantle lined with vair was a sign of wealth and nobility, and in some places its use was strictly limited to certain privileged people. The early French kings used to give vair-lined cloaks twice a year to knights in personal attendance on them. The story runs that a Signior de Coucies, fighting in Hungary in the middle ages, saw his men falling back and rallied them by tearing out the vair lining of his mantle and hoisting it as his proud ensign.

#### THE WORD "VAIR."

The word itself is interesting and—by a sheer chance, and after I had written down Grim's story—a correspondence arose about it in a Sunday paper (*Observer* for May 22, 29; June 5, 12, 19, 26; July 3, 1927). "Vair" is said by some to be derived from the Latin *varus*, a kind of polecat, and by other from *varius*, because of the chequered pattern in heraldry. Like all our heraldic terms it comes to us from France, but in English dialect speech vair is still a good native word in the West Country. An old French writer, referring to the superstition that it was unlucky, when out hunting, to mention a *weasel* by name, says that Englishmen sometimes nicknamed it "fairy" so as to dodge the evil consequences. And to-day in Somerset, Dorset, Devon and some parts of South Wales weasels are often called "vare," "vary," "veer," "fare" or "ferry." Thomas Hardy, greatest of living men of Dorset, thus uses it in a charming little poem:—

Lalage's coming,  
Nearer is she now, O,  
End anyhow, O,  
To-day's husbandry.

Would a gilt chair were mine,  
Slippers of *vair* were mine,  
Brushes for hair were mine,  
Of ivory!

#### VAIR—AND "CINDERELLA."

Talking of slippers brings us to the very unexpected point when we must apply the "Higher Criticism" to one of the greatest nursery stories! The original of our "Cinderella" was Per-rault's French story "Cendrillon," and his heroine wore a *pantoufle de vair* (slipper of squirrel



skin). Either Perrault's spelling or the English translator's knowledge of French was imperfect—the word *vair* (squirrel) was mistaken for the word *verre* (glass) which is pronounced the same. Countless English children have wondered how Cinderella managed to dance in glass slippers—but don't let us spoil it by telling them she didn't!

#### WHAT SKIN WAS VAIR?

The question arises—was vair, as worn on clothes, the skin of a squirrel or a weasel? The answer, no doubt, is "either." (After all, nowadays, a "sealskin," a "chinchilla" or a "sable" may all be really rabbit!) In northern countries (e.g., Lapland) the common squirrel becomes grey in the winter when its fur is longest and best—and therefore most sought after for clothes; and even in England it turns greyish at the sides. In parts of France the squirrel is called "*petit gris*" ("little grey") or "*vair*" Grey fur would, most naturally, be translated by *azure* in heraldic tinctures, and the weasel's brown-red fur (one would have supposed) by *gules*—but that is mere guesswork. No doubt weasel skins were also used for lining mantles. Moreover a late Latin word for weasel, *viverra*, might have got corrupted into "*vair*."

One ingenious *Observer* correspondent suggested that "*Vermine*" is a corruption of "*vair mine*" ("minor vair,") and that "*Ermine*" is merely a further corruption of it, for the ermine is, of course, a small kind of weasel, and the weasel is "*vermine*" in the eyes of the gamekeeper. But "*Ermine*" pretty certainly is derived from the Latin *Mus* (or *Viverra*) *Arminius*—the Armenian mouse (or weasel). What is, however, true is that "*Miniver*," a cheap form of ermine still worn, is simply "*menu*" (or lesser) "*vair*." But that's quite enough about vair!

#### 3. THE "CROSS PATRIARCHAL."

This is a huge subject, and I can only touch upon it in the most fragmentary way. The actual method used in crucifying Our Lord and the many thousands of representations of it (almost all certainly false in various details) in Christian art throughout the centuries, are matters on which a whole library of books has been written. Two points only particularly concern us here. Had the Cross of Calvary a top to it, as nearly always represented in pictures, or was it a T-shaped (or *tan*) Cross? And how was the inscription written by Pilate fastened to it? The shape of the "*patriarchal*," or double, cross rests on the belief that the Cross not only had a top to it, but that the inscription was written on a long wooden board and not on a scroll of parchment as usually depicted; this board forms the upper, and shorter, arm of the double cross. A very remarkable and much disputed tradition is closely bound up with the double cross, and demands a paragraph to itself.

#### THE INVENTION OF THE TRUE CROSS.

A very early tradition says that a certain Protonice, wife of Claudius, in the time of the Tiberius (whose reign ended seven years after the Crucifixion) found the actual Cross on which Our Lord was put to death. This tradition was, however, entirely superseded by the story of the finding ("*Invention*," in its literal meaning) of the True Cross by St. Helena, mother of the Emperor Constantine, in the year 326. In the previous year she went to Jerusalem, and there an old man is said to have guided her to the place where lay buried the True Cross, about which she had had a dream. Excavation revealed the remains of the three crosses of Calvary, and a sick woman, laid in turn on them, was healed by the third, which was thereupon accepted as the actual Cross of Christ. At the same time, the story says, Helena found the nails and the superscription *on a board*, which she sent, with the Cross, to Constantine at Rome. In the year 335 Helena and Constantine set the Cross up in the Church of Santa Croce (Holy Cross) which they had specially built for it in Jerusalem. The subsequent history of this amazing relic is strange enough to deserve a brief summary:—A.D. 614, Chosroes, King of Persia, sacks Jerusalem with great slaughter and carries off the Cross; 629, Emperor Heraclius defeats Chosroes on the plains of Nineveh



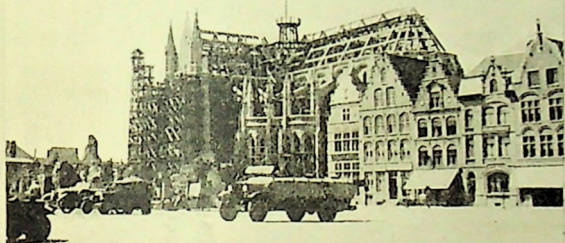
"THE PILGRIM'S WAY" (see pages 339-348): A SUPPLEMENT IN PICTURES.



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2



3



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5



6

1. Hell Fire Corner, on the Menin Road : Stone marking the limit reached by the German advance. 2. A mine crater at St. Eloi (the largest of 19 "blown," on June 7, 1917 : Messines Ridge in the background). 3. Ypres Cathedral rebuilding, June 9, 1927. 4. A car-load of children in the "Golden Spur" procession, Ypres, June 11, 1927. 5. The Menin Gate being built, August, 1926. 6. The Menin Gate, before its opening, June, 1927. (Photographs Nos. 1, 4, 6 by H. Eastwood, H.Q. No. 2 by Barber, West Ham. No. 3 by R. R. Calkin, H.Q. No. 5 by Miss Cox, L.W.H.)





## THE DESERTED SANCTUARY

Barclay Barron - 9-7-1927

"The Upper Room is a look-out tower into all the world. . . . The Secret which is at the heart of Tac II was once made known here to many—and yet how few they were compared to those who from first to last shall possess it! And how many are those who have only seen the Upper Room with the mind's eye, and who shall never set foot on its crazy floor, though they feel they know it like their own home!"—Page 341.





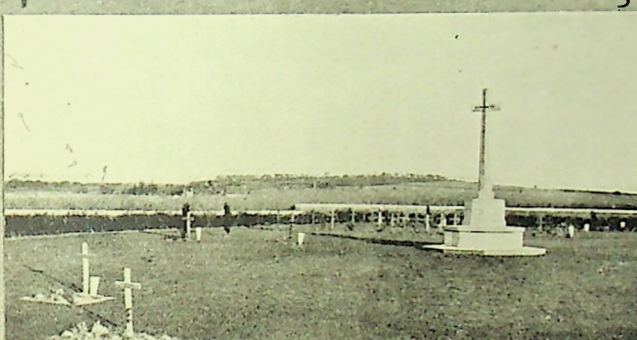
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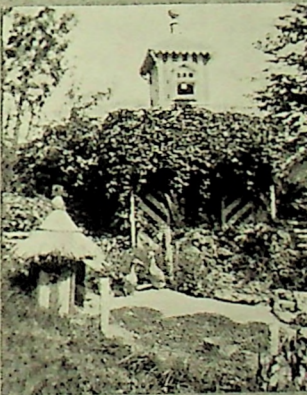
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1. Talbot House, Poperinghe, from the West, with the 1926 Pilgrims; 2. The door of the Old House opens to the Pilgrims, 1926; Talbot House from the east; 4. The back of Talbot House; 5. In the garden of Talbot House, the summer house; 6. Little Talbot House, Ypres, 1926; 7. Sanctuary Wood Cemetery, 1927 (Gilbert Talbot's grave is in the far corner, Sanctuary Wood and Hill 62 on the sky line. (Photographs: No. 1 by L. G. Dennis, Hackney; Nos. 3, 4, 5 by Miss K. E. Cox, L.W.H. Nos. 2, 6 by Miss Hewitt, L.W.H.; No. 7, by R. R. Calkin, H.Q.)





**"THE GREAT CEMETERY OF TYNE COT WHERE REST THE BODIES OF 12,000 MEN" (p. 347).**

1. "It lies up the gentle slope of Passchendaele, battalion of white stones upon the green grass."  
 2. "All up the steps of the Cross the pilgrims seated themselves while . . . another pilgrim took up the story."  
 (Upper photograph by A. M. Josselyn, Mark I.; lower by H. Seymour, Ypres, who took other excellent photographs of the Pilgrimage, viz., No. 1, The Menin Gate on June 9, before opening; No. 2, the picture reproduced above; No. 3, Tubby addressing the pilgrims at Tyne Cot; No. 4, the pilgrims round the Cross at Tyne Cot; No. 5, a more general view of Tyne Cot, with Tubby addressing the pilgrims; No. 6, Tubby laying the wreath in Sanctuary Wood Cemetery (taken in failing light); No. 7, the opening of the Menin Gate, June 24; No. 8, The Menin Gate after opening. Prints, measuring 6½ ins. by 4½ ins., cost 1s. 6d. each, or 5 for 4s. 6d. They should be ordered direct, quoting the photograph number and enclosing foreign money order, from H. Seymour, 26, Rue de Passage, Ypres.)



and restores the Cross to Jerusalem; 637, the Mohammedans capture Jerusalem but leave the Cross unmolested, so that it remains an object of pilgrimage for the next 400 years; 1009 El Hatim, Caliph of Egypt, takes Jerusalem and destroys the churches built by Helena and Constantine but the Cross is rescued; Friday, July 13, 1099, the Crusaders enter Jerusalem and set up the True Cross on Calvary (Godfrey, first King of Jerusalem, was afterwards buried under the Cross on the right, and his successor, Baldwin, on the left—"the Cross our aid . . . fight its battles till we rest beneath its shade," as the hymn says); in 1187, Saladin attacks Jerusalem, and the Cross is carried into the Crusaders' camp, but fails to inspire them to victory and is captured; 1192, the Cross is still in Saladin's hands, where favoured pilgrims (among them the Bishop of Salisbury) are actually allowed to see it. After that it is no more heard of for certain—though fragments said to be of the True Cross are to found as relics all over the Christian world to-day. But the board on which the superscription was written by Pilate claims to go a stage further—it was "found" again in 1492 in the vault of the church of "Santa Croce in Jerusalemm" in Rome, and is said still to be there! This is no place to discuss the probability of the whole story or the authenticity of the relics remaining. Modern critics reject the tradition because the historian Eusebius, who was in Jerusalem at the same time as St. Helena, does not mention it—but St. Cyril of Jerusalem, also a contemporary, does. At all events it was not questioned for centuries. The Roman Church celebrates the festival of the "Invention (finding) of the True Cross" on May 3, and the "Exaltation (setting up) of the True Cross" (commemorating its recovery by Heraclius) on September 14. Similarly, the 'Invention of the Holy Lance' of Calvary at Antioch in 1098 inspired the besieged Crusaders to victory.

#### "DOUBLE CROSS" AND "TRUE CROSS."

When the double cross is seen, it is often found to have special connection with the Cross of Calvary. In early Byzantine Christian art, for instance, the phrase of the Creed "He descended into Hell" provided a popular subject: Christ descends into "Limbo," for "the harrowing of Hell" (as the Middle Ages called it) with His own Cross in His hand—and it is the double cross. The picture of the scene—with our Lord trampling on Satan, in chains, as He rescues souls from torment—in an illuminated Gospel book of Charlemagne's time (A.D. 800. See drawing on p. 323) is almost exactly repeated in a 12th century mosaic on the walls of St. Mark's, Venice: variations are common. And when St. Helena unearths the great relic it is a complete double cross in a 9th century illumination (see drawing on p. 325). Among interesting examples I may mention a very fine 12th century ivory carving of the Last Judgement (acquired last year by the South Kensington Museum: see drawing facing p. 317) in which an altar stands at the foot—complete with a "frontal," a book, what seems to be a pair of candlesticks, and a tall double cross, with a garland round its lower arms; and a miniature in a 9th century Greek Testament which shows a council at Nicaea in 787 (which restored the worship of images, after a fierce controversy) holding its sitting with a big double cross in the centre.

But the double cross is associated with the actual fragments of the True Cross also. Processional or altar-crosses (and these were originally the same thing—a cross carried in for the service only and set on or near the altar) were sometimes "patriarchal" in shape, and this usually implied that a fragment of the wood of the True Cross was contained in them. Such a cross was that made by St. Eloi (drawing facing p. 317, and note on p. 336); while the double cross of Anjou (see drawing and note on same pages,) is actually made of wood said to be from Christ's Cross.

#### WHY "PATRIARCHAL" ?

The Double Cross is a symbol especially characteristic of the Eastern division of Christendom, the Greek or Orthodox Church, in which archbishops are called "patriarchs"; it is much less used in the Western or Roman Church. Where Western Christians would use a crucifix, with the figure of Our Lord in "high relief" upon it, the Easterns use a double cross, very often



with the figure merely engraved on the surface of the metal : these crosses are very familiar in Russian worship, and bear certain particular inscriptions out of the Russian liturgy. The typical Russian cross really belongs to the "*Raskolniks*" or Russian "dissenters," but the orthodox have widely adopted it. It will be noticed (see drawing facing page 317) that there is a third bar near the bottom. This is, of course, the foot rest or *lignum suppedaneum* on which, in Eastern use, the feet of Christ are always nailed with two nails, not with one as in most Western pictures. It is always set crooked, following a strange tradition that the words "He bare our infirmities" meant literally that Christ had one leg shorter than the other and was lame! A gold coin of the Eastern Emperor, Manuel Comnenus (1143), shows St. Theodore and the Emperor holding a double cross between them.

#### THE DOUBLE CROSS AS A BADGE OF RANK.

The Roman church uses crosses as "badges of rank"—a simple cross is borne by a bishop, a double cross by an archbishop, and a triple cross only by the Pope. (There is no true symbolical meaning behind the triple cross and no ancient ritual authority. It is a comparatively modern invention, and is merely, in Army language, "putting up another stripe" to mark superior rank). In the order of Knights Templar a similar convention is used. The ordinary knight wears a single cross on his mantle, the preceptor a double cross, and the grand preceptor a triple cross : these they can also mark beside their official signatures. We find Louis I, Count of Anjou, in the 14th century tracing a double cross with failing hand against the signature to his own last testament, for he was guardian of a relic of the True Cross and had founded an Order of the Cross in its honour.

Roman Catholic archbishops bear the double cross with their coat of arms (see drawing on page 331), and Londoners, if they lift their eyes, will see the double cross of the Cardinal Archbishop on the top of St. Edward's Tower of Westminster Cathedral, 280 feet above their heads. In an illumination of the investiture of Thomas à Becket as Archbishop of Canterbury (see drawing on page 326), one bishop puts on his mitre while another hands him the double cross. The first record of a proper processional cross being used was when Pope Leo IV (847-855) had it borne before him, "according to the custom of his predecessors," through the streets of Rome, and the Fourth Lateran Council (1215) granted this privilege to archbishops—but we do not know what sort of cross it was : in later pictures it is sometimes shown as a double cross, and in the woodcut facing page 317 it appears in the hands of a pope.

#### THE DOUBLE CROSS IN HERALDRY.

In coats of arms the patriarchal cross sometimes stands alone (see De Vesci arms in drawing on p. 331) and sometimes is mounted on "degrees" or steps (e.g., arms of the English family of Brytton). It often becomes a patriarchal "*cross-crosslet*" and sometimes a "*cross-crosslet patée*" (see drawings on p. 330). It is found in various "metals" or "colours" : The King of Hungary bore it red on white (as in the Ypres arms) ; Louis I of Anjou, black bordered with gold on a green field ; King René of France (1473-1508), black. It is often loosely called the *Cross of Lorraine* even in the Ypres arms where it certainly is not properly so. The Cross of Lorraine (to be seen, commercially, on the radiators of "Lorraine" cars and on the labels of "Vittel" mineral water, made in Lorraine) is of particular proportions and colour. The two arms are usually of equal lengths and they are placed at equal distances from the top and bottom of the cross (see drawing on page 330 and the Lithuanian postage stamp on page 336). In colour it is black on a white ground, but the central part is cut out ("voided") so that it appears as a black outline. As such it was adopted as the badge of the Holy League under Henry III of France (after the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, in the eighth of the bloody "Wars of Religion" 1585-89). The Protestants of the time made a mocking verse about this double cross :—

" Mais, dites moi, que signifie  
Que les Ligueurs ont double croix ? "

" C'est qu'en la Ligue on crucifie  
Jesus Christ encore une fois."



("But, tell me, what means it that the Leaguers have a double cross?"—"It is because in the League they crucify Jesus Christ a second time.")

The double cross, red on a white ground, has been adopted as the sign of the international *Campaign against Tuberculosis* (see two of the postage stamps on p. 336). In this case its upper and lower arms are of equal length and the ends are pointed.

#### THE DOUBLE CROSS IN THE YPRES ARMS.

How did the patriarchal cross get into the Ypres arms? I am still uncertain. Ypres never had an archbishop and indeed only became a bishopric in 1560 (an Englishman called Chamberlain was one of its first bishops.) An Ypres seal of 1333 bears a double cross. A priest in Ypres, recently consulted, conjectures that Philip of Alsace, "being also Count of Lorraine," granted the double cross to Ypres "when it became a city in 1170." Popular opinion holds that the double cross was granted to Ypres by a Pope because so many of its citizens volunteered for a Crusade. Counts of Flanders (Robert in 1097, Theodoric in 1157, Philip in 1177, Baldwin in 1202) led crusading armies, and the opening up of Eastern trade by crusading fleets made Flemish cities prosperous.

#### THE LION "SUPPORTER."

The gold lion which "supports" the Ypres arms leans a silver column against his right shoulder, but I have not had time to discover anything about his origin. I chanced however on a very similar lion (see drawing on p. 314) bearing a column, which was used as a "printer's mark" by Crafft Mueller ("Crato Mylius" as he calls himself in Latin) who printed books in Strassbourg, 1536-1562. Obviously this is a pun on his own name "Crafft" which means "strength" (note also his shield on which Samson brandishes the colossal jawbone of an ass!) Probably the Ypres lion means strength too. Lions are very common in Flemish arms.

#### THE SUN AND MOON.

The sun and crescent moon (heraldically "*increscent*," or waxing—with its horns to the left) appear on either side of the double cross in some 14th century, and subsequent, seals of Ypres, but they are not properly a part of the arms. They are, in fact, among the recognised emblems of the Crucifixion, to be found in many old representations. No doubt they symbolise the sympathy of creation in Our Lord's sufferings; paradoxically, they are shown because they were not there—"now from the sixth hour there was darkness over all the land unto the ninth hour," says St. Matthew (xxvi, 45), "and the sun was darkened," adds St. Luke (xxiii, 45). This darkness of the sun and moon was used as a sign of catastrophe by the Hebrew prophets (look up Isaiah xxxiv, 4 and xiii, 10; Ezekiel xxxii, 7; Joel iii, 15. And compare St. Matthew xxiv, 9; St. Mark xiii, 24; St. Luke xxi, 25; Acts ii, 20; and Revelation vi, 12 and viii, 12). The drawing on page 321 shows the sun and moon at the Crucifixion in a primitive form: the finest example I have seen is in a splendid 11th century illumination by the German Abbess Uota of Niedermünster, where the sun as a man and the moon as a woman veil their eyes behind their long sleeves as they face the Crucified. Richard Cœur de Lion, for some reason, used these symbols on the Great Seal of England: they appear also on the parish seal of St. Mary Magdalene at Oxford, where he was baptised, and in the arms of Dartmouth, whence his Crusading fleet sailed in 1190. In connection with the Ypres arms the sun and moon are often both blazoned *gules*: the sun is naturally red (or gold) in heraldry—and, according to prophecy, "on that day the moon shall be turned into blood."

#### THE CROWNED INITIAL.

Ypres, on some of its seals, etc., used its initial Y surmounted by a crown, as Bruges used a crowned B. But whether this use was granted as a privilege, and when or why, I know not.



## Notes on the Pictures

*The Heading* contains the ground plan of Salisbury Cathedral, a double cross made by its nave and two sets of transepts, as is the case in other Early English Cathedrals, e.g., Lincoln and Wells. The initial S is set in the great processional cloisters.

P. 314. *Printer's trade-mark* of Crafft Mueller (Crato Mylius) working in Strassburg, 1536—1562.

P. 316. *A French king wearing a Fair-lined mantle.* From an early 13th century illuminated "Manual of Devotion" in the British Museum (Royal MS., 2.A.xx).

P. 319. *Banner of the "ancient Governor" of Ypres.* From a woodcut in Philippe de l'Espinoy's "Recherche des Antiquitez et Noblesse de Flandre," 1631.

P. 321. *The Crucifixion.* From a woodcut (much reduced) in a *Missal*, printed by Jean Belot at Lausanne, Switzerland, 1493.

P. 323. *Christ in Limbo.* From an illumination in a Carolingian Gospel book (9th century).

P. 325. *St. Helena discovering the Cross* (in Greek, above, *Heuresis tou timiou staurou*, "invention of the True Cross.") From a 9th century Greek manuscript in the Imperial Library, Paris.

P. 326. *The investiture of Thomas a Becket.* From an illuminated manuscript in the British Museum (Royal MS., 2.B.vii.).

P. 328. *A page of "Printers' Marks,"* used on the title pages of printed books. The first is early English, the second modern American, the third French. All the rest are Italian, chosen out of the marks of over seventy Italian printers, round about 1500, who used the double or triple cross in some form. In No. 4 the cross is mounted on a conventional triple rock for Calvary; in No. 8 the sacred Greek monogram XP is used, punningly, to represent "Ponte"; in No. 9, a crude bit of work, St. John the Baptist supports his Lamb and Flag banner on a double cross; in No. 11 Sts. Jerome and Augustine look down from Heaven while angels crown the double cross. The orb and cross symbol of Christian kingship was adopted as a "trade mark" by the famous French printer, Nicholas Jenson, in Venice, in 1471, and thereafter became fashionable. I can find no other connection between the double cross and the art of printing.

FULL PAGE PLATES: Facing p. 316. *St. Jerome reading.* Copper engraving by the greatest German engraver, Albert Dürer of Nuremberg (1471-1528). He has misunderstood the origin of the double cross, for the hands of the figure of Christ are nailed to the upper bar.

Facing p. 317. (Centre) *The Cross of Anjou*, made of fragments of the True Cross brought home by a Crusader, Jean l'Alluye, in 1209, sold to the monks of La Boissière in

1244 for 550 livres, moved in 1357 (for fear of marauding English troops) to Angers, where Louis I., Duke of Anjou, instituted an Order of the Cross to guard it, returned in 1456 to La Boissière, where it remained until the French Revolution. It is now at Barge and is much venerated. It was set in gold, jewels and pearls in the late 14th century. It measures 16 inches high (with stand) and is reckoned to be the twelfth largest fragment of the True Cross in the world.

*Right:* A typical 18th century Russian Cross in the British Museum. It is of brass, inlaid with enamel. At the top is God the Father in the act of blessing, below Him the Holy Spirit as a dove, with an angel flying downward on either side. Below the feet of Christ is a skull in a cave, standing for Golgotha, and at the sides of the cross the lance which pierced His side (on left) and the reed which held the sponge of vinegar (on right). Inscriptions are from the Russian liturgy.

*Left:* *The Cross of St. Eloi*, formerly in the Church of St. Martial at Limoges, but now, like all the saint's authentic works, lost. An old drawing remains and shows it to have been a magnificent 7th century ornament, overlaid with filigree work and jewels; a fragment of the True Cross is set, between palms, in the centre. Eloi (*Eligius*) was a goldsmith, born near Limoges, at the end of the 6th century. He designed coins and jewellery for Clothair II., and made a famous gold throne for his successor Dagobert, who then made him prime minister and later Bishop of Noyon. He continued to work for the Church as a goldsmith. This really remarkable man travelled much—and may even have visited the village of St. Eloi in the Ypres Salient. His name and Dagobert's survive among French children in a nursery rhyme:—

King Dagobert, they say,

Was wearing his clothes the wrong way :

Said Eloi the Friar, "My Lord and Sire,

Your silken gown is on upside down."

The King replied "I know—

Show me the way it should go." etc.

*Above—left:* *A Pope holding the double cross.* Woodcut from "Sermons of St. Augustine," printed by Gering and Rembolt in Paris, 1498.

*Above—right:* *Part of an ivory carving of the 11th-12th century* (South Kensington Museum). In the upper part God Almighty, as Judge, sits on His throne: from one side the blessed rise to Heaven and on the other the wicked are thrust into Hell. The drawing shows the altar with the double cross, which stands in the centre at the bottom. On right an angel blows the last trumpet: on left a man holds a double cross.

P. 336. *Postage stamps with the double cross.* Right and left: Belgium—three values issued in 1925 and five in 1926, in aid of Tubercular Ex-service men. Centre: Lithuania—six values issued 1927.





## THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE FIELD

“ . . . and I bear Him say, ‘ The day is brief ; be diligent in play.’ ”—R. L. S.

**I** SOMETIMES wonder if Toc H is living fully and completely up to the first point of its Compass—Fellowship ; that fellowship, I mean, which is born and developed on the field of play. Toc H is not, of course, unmindful of the prominent position occupied by sport in the minds of the nations to-day. Outside religion nothing has obtained such a grip on the imagination of the peoples. Cast aside for more serious things in the ordeal of war, man has “ returned to his trinkets ” with a new eagerness which more often than not overshadows every other interest in life. Napoleon’s “ nation of shopkeepers ” has become a nation of sportsmen who are forever talking “ shop.” But games were invented to be played—not talked about—and should be pursued by every able-bodied man and woman until, in the chimney corner, limbs refuse to respond to commands of the mind. Play-days should not cease with school-days.

For every fellow inside Toc H—and outside as well for that matter—who has not reached the bathchair stage, participation in good clean games is a duty owing to himself and those around him. Only in this way can be learnt the rudiments of Sportsmanship which, like all the other “ -ships,” is acquired rather than inborn. The new spirit which we are all trying to foster is as much needed in the games of to-day as in the civic, social and religious spheres of action, and it should be more easily breathed on the playing-fields of Toc H than on those of Eton. Before, however, the glad tidings can be spread we must know something about the soul of games and the priceless jewel of sportsmanship which is its outward and visible sign.

Does sportsmanship demand of its practitioners a long wait for the door of some county cricket ground to open or the purchase of a season ticket from the local league club ? Most certainly not. These spectacles have their place in the scheme of things entire and have done their part in keeping England sane ; but games are, or should be, an *active* matter with all of us, something that we can take through life. To watch the great artists of the field matching their skill against their fellows is a tonic to be taken “ as required,” but do not let us take all our sport by proxy. There is a tendency these days to book seats on the grandstand much too early in life and cheer the other fellows.

This is not a diatribe against spectacular sport, nor tears over a nation of on-lookers. Quite the reverse. It is an appeal to the youth of Toc H not to miss the fellowship of the field, but with hands, feet, bat, racket, stick or club to wage the mimic warfare of sport, in which victory or defeat are merely incidents ; to “ meet,” as Rudyard Kipling has so finely put it, “ with triumph or disaster, and treat those two impostors just the same.” This is one of the things we get from games—if we play them in the right spirit. Another gift from games is the gift of friends. Nearly all my real friends have been met in sport, and I suppose a like experience has been the happy lot of countless others. The brotherhood of sport is a very real thing, but the entrance gate leads out of a



field. You must be in it before you can be of it. I am perfectly certain that the unsportsmanlike demonstrations which mar so much of the big sport to-day are made by people who have never played games themselves and cannot possibly therefore know anything about them.

The degree of skill which we bring to games does not matter in the slightest ; it is the spirit in which we play them. The little boy in the park who makes his weekly "blob" may be every inch a cricketer ; he is certainly an amateur, and that is saying a lot these days. A game like cricket is, without a doubt, greater than the players of it, and every effort should be made to keep it the pure and wholesome game handed down by our top-hatted forefathers from Broad-halfpenny Down. We are not, however, here and now concerned with any particular game—they are all good in their way—but the soul which lies behind them and the English spirit of fair play which they engender. If England had done nothing else but invent games for the world and show the nations how to play them, she would have gone a long way towards justifying her existence. Although, as a nation, we are not perhaps quite so successful as in the old days and in some games have become only a fifth power, the lessons of sportsmanship learnt at the mother of sport's knee still persist throughout the world.

It must, therefore, be the aim of everyone to keep the sporting traditions of the race untarnished. Questions of expediency must not enter into our games or pastimes. Things are occasionally done on the field of play in the heat of the moment which do not accord with the unwritten laws of sportsmanship, whatever the rules may be twisted to mean. All classes—first, second and "rabbits"—transgress. We seem more inclined than of yore to look the other way or wink an eye at the little tricks which mar the rhythm of our play. There is surely work here for Toc H, which seeks to be a company of sportsmen in the highest sense of the word.

Everyone likes to be called a sportsman, but few can define the term. If I were asked to attempt so difficult a task, I should hedge by suggesting that a sportsman is one who puts more into sport than he takes out of it. If we cannot define a sportsman—and there are sportsmen quite outside sport—I think we know one when we meet him on the field of play. Many men who have no claim whatever to the title are, in these latter days, labelled sportsmen, men who could never appreciate those haunting lines of Harold Begbie—

Aye, for the joy—the glory, the passionate lust of life,  
The pride and the strength and the power that thrills to the trump of strife :  
Aye, for the leap of the pulse, for the spring where the muscles rise,  
For the clean red mouth, cold temples, and the wide, glad, vivid eyes ;  
Not as the Saints behold Thee, thro' the tremulous mists of prayer  
Comest now Thou, O Strong One, riding the clamant air :  
Yet do I love Thee thoroughly, yet will I serve Thee long,  
And thus would I know Thee always Lord of the Clean and Strong.

H. R. McDONALD.



## THE PILGRIM'S WAY, July 9-11

THOSE members who made pilgrimage to Ypres both in August, 1926, and in July, 1927, could scarcely avoid comparisons between the two years—in certain respects to the advantage of the former. Instead of the bright, set-fair daylight crossing of 1926, the cold, wet, rolling night boat of 1927 forbade a good many of the party to “keep that school-girl complexion”; the delay of a missed connection at Ostend, and the grey skies and persistent drizzle of Saturday, a little took the edge off their spirits at the outset. These were but passing troubles. Very real disappointments this year (especially to those who could look back on 1926) were the facts that, owing to the uncertain weather of Saturday, our altar on Sunday morning was an improvised table in a stuffy cinema in place of the Stone of Remembrance in the Reservoir Cemetery, and that the doors of the Old House at Poperinghe were not opened to us this time. But the most subtle difference between the two Pilgrimages lay in the composition of the party and in the aspect of the Salient itself. The “old sweats”—those who had served on this ground and could lead the inexperienced over it, explain it and make it live for them—were surprisingly few this year; and the ground itself, apart from cemeteries and memorials, now gives scarcely a sign of its recent history. Interpreters of the great story were more than ever needed and less than usually available. Every pilgrim saw much, but many passed significant things, unseeing and uncomprehending, by. This is not in the least blameworthy; it is but an instance of the quick march of history and the short limits of human memory. And it is a thing which those who guard the traditions of Toc H in every Branch and Group need to have in mind each time the Lamp is lit. Already for many members of the post-war generation (and these are now a majority in Toc H, and before very many years will be the whole of it) the Elder Brethren of the war have no personal touch. They are already in danger of becoming the almost mythical heroes of British story instead of the intensely vivid spirits and the most dear human flesh and blood that the middle-aged among us knew. Surely the only way in which the great truth about the Elder Brethren can be maintained is by the constant accession to their ranks of all of us in Toc H as we come to pass forward. Every faithful member of our world-wide family, the youngest as well as the most proven in service, must, when his turn comes, be considered as truly an Elder Brother as are they whose names and ranks and regiments are engraved upon our Lamps. We, growing old, must be able always to “remember them,” but we must indeed remember actual friends, well-known faces, familiar voices, all sorts of little tricks of habit and gesture and good example and endearing weakness which shall make the Elder Brethren personal to us individually and always. We must not only touch their hands in leave-taking, but feel that we hold them by the hand, as they now hold those who went before them. Only so is the family circle, here and beyond, to be maintained unbroken and serviceable continually.

It was, then, not at all easy for some of the pilgrims of 1927 to picture their forbears of 1917 in the Salient. And yet—did anyone come empty and unmoved away? The Pilgrimage brought living memories to some and a new light to others. Its effect on different minds was so varied in kind and in degree that a general account of it is scarcely possible. Let one or two pictures, from an individual point of view, suffice.

### *The Upper Room*

The first picture is entirely personal to the present writer; sad to say, it was shared at the time with no one else—though half-a-dozen members who remained behind on Monday were able to claim a like experience. After lunch at “Skindle’s” on Saturday he took the train to Poperinghe, intent on seeing M. Coevoet Camerlynck, owner of the Old House, and securing



admission for the pilgrims next morning. The train was crowded, and the station of "Pop"—once notoriously an "unhealthy" place for loitering on bad days—was full of country people laughing and chattering under umbrellas. It was drizzling quietly and steadily, but the little town was *en fête* and nobody minded. The visitor set out along the rough cobbles of the Rue d'Ypres, making way at one point for the preposterous steam tram, before which, as Tubby says in *Tales of Talbot House*, "nearly every horse becomes a biped." Arriving in the Square, he found it blocked from end to end with the booths of a fair—stalls of super-Woolworth variety, spangled shooting galleries, rocking-horses prancing to a steam organ and the shrieks of their lady riders, a tent which concealed "the only girl in the world with six fingers on each hand and three elbows," and a platform on which a dazzling Jewish gentleman, after beating a drum, made a speech to wide-mouthed country folk about his "human spider," held up a child's pinafore alleged to have been spun by her, and then collected the twopences of those who went behind a curtain to view this melancholy fake. Poperinghe, in fact, on Saturday afternoon, was just a normal Flemish country town enjoying itself, and our English visitor doubtless had no right to feel depressed about it. And yet to him the Square would have seemed normal, almost homely, had it been filled with quite different traffic—a string of mule-drawn ration limbers or of motor ambulances, a battalion swinging up to the whistled tune of "Whiter than the whitewash on the wall," a battery with tired horses and men limping down, a park of W.D. lorries in the far corner, and on the pavement of the near-side the shuffle of muddy boots round the cinema doors. It is certainly unreasonable to resent the transformation of these streets from war to peace—and yet it is hard to rejoice over it as one should. The old "Gen.," also making his solitary pilgrimage to Poperinghe on Sunday afternoon, strongly expressed his feelings about the fair on his return: unable to bear it, he told us that he had wandered out along the country lane to Lovie Chateau and sat himself down for solace in the quiet field which Tubby, in the darkest days of 1918, had made his home and christened "Dingley Dell."\*

Arriving at the doors of the Old House, resplendent in new white paint, the solitary pilgrim was received most courteously by M. Camerlynck. His request to admit 120 people next morning was boldly made, and for three reasons, all of them certainly valid, was politely refused. Argument, in mediocre French, was arduous and unavailing, but, a good deal crestfallen, he was allowed to make his way to the Upper Room. The steep Jacob's ladder, which leads up through the attic floor, is still carpeted with linoleum worn and torn by thousands of Army boots. The Room itself is bare of all furniture, but on that afternoon was festooned across and across with all the family washing hung on lines from wall to wall. The notice-board† sent out by Tubby after the Armistice and intended for the front of the House, now hangs upon the projecting chimney-breast near one of the windows; a coloured postcard of the Chapel, as it once was, is pinned to the wall above the rough platform, still remaining, on which for three years the Carpenter's Bench stood. The Sunday-school pictures, pasted over the fan-shaped windows by

\*An obscure episode in the history of Toc H, unrecorded in *Tales of Talbot House* ("there is no need here to follow the fortunes of the exiles"—Chap. IX.). Poperinghe was closed to troops, on account of constant shelling and bombing, in April, 1918, and on May 21 Talbot House, which alone had remained open to stragglers, was definitely evacuated by Corps orders. Tubby "scrounged" two small "sectional" huts from the present writer's back-yard in the Rue de Boescepe, ran them up behind the deserted flying-ground at La Lovie, and carried on, in obscurity, the traditions of Talbot House, until its reopening on September 30. With him were the "Gen." and, for a time, C. J. Magrath (Sheffield), who had been forced to leave Ypres, after a record length of residence in the ramparts by the Lille Gate. The name Dingley Dell appears on no map of the time.—Ed.

† The board is thus inscribed:—"Nisi Dominus frustra. During the Great War this House was famous throughout the British Armies. It was called Talbot House in memory of Lieutenant Gilbert Talbot of the Rifle Brigade, who died in action near Sanctuary Wood in July, 1915. The house was rented from its owner, M. Coevoet-Camerlynck, in December, 1915, and remained through three stormy years the play-room of the troops who held the Salient. Providentially immune through all bombardments, Talbot House closed, its work accomplished, in December, 1918. In the Chapel constructed by the Queen's Westminster Rifles, in the large Upper Room, many thousands of officers and men received the Blessed Sacrament. P. B. Clayton, Garrison Chaplain."



Motor Machine Gunners in 1915, as a "passable semblance of stained glass," have still left peeling remnants behind, and between their discoloured patterns the solitary pilgrim looked out over the wet red roofs of Poperinghe. Across the roofs eastward into the low landscape, now grey with rain, that used to be ominously lit night by night with the winking flashes of the front line : across the roofs westward, towards "Blighty," to which in times past the thoughts and prayers of thousands in that room had turned again and again. Across the roofs east by south, towards Jerusalem and Calcutta and Kandy, towards the scattered family of Toc H in Malaya, towards brave builders in every Australian State, towards the threefold membership in New Zealand. Across the roofs westward towards hundreds of home Branches and Groups, and, far out beyond them, to the Canadian increase and the American beginning ; south-west to the Argentine and Brazil and over the Andes into Chile where men uphold this name of ours ; southward to Africa and all its recent harvest. The Upper Room, lifted but forty feet above the Flanders plain, is a look-out tower into all the world, as it was once a lighthouse to our first members. It is the very source and centre from which "Good News" once went out, and to which the hearers and doers of the Word turn their minds back from every direction of the compass to-day. The Secret which is at the heart of Toc H was once made known here to many—and yet how few they were compared to those who from first to last shall possess it ! And how many are those who have only seen the Upper Room with the mind's eye, and who shall never set foot on its crazy floor, though they feel they know it like their own home ! The solitary pilgrim on a wet Saturday afternoon shall be allowed to keep his further thoughts in the Upper Room to himself : he brought away no gift which he can offer to his fellow-members except a hasty pencil sketch which is, after a fashion, translated for them on another page.

### *The Mount of Vision*

After breakfast on Sunday the main body, some seventy strong, embarked upon a motor-bus the like of which has seldom been seen. Its varnished pine interior was like a Quaker meeting-house ; but silence was not its strong point. It was a veritable ark which rolled like Noah's ; rolling and roaring over the rough *pavé*, it deposited its human zoo at last at the foot of Ararat, not on the top. For from Kemmel village—brand new and, but for its moated chateau, complete—you must climb by man-power to the summit of Kemmel Hill. Rich corn-fields cover the lower slope, and above them a belt of tiny yard-high firs are setting out to take the place of the forest trees which clothed it before the war. The summit itself is bare, a small plateau encumbered a little by the concrete ruins of the old look-out tower and a good deal by its new successor—combined *éclaireur* and "Belvedere." Along the north-eastern edge of this plateau the pilgrims sat down. They were facing what is incomparably the best bird's-eye view of the Flanders battlefield, but for many of them it needed a good deal of interpretation. For everything which, with the physical eye, they saw, belonged to the most placid of landscapes, the Flanders plain reduced, when seen from this height, almost to a dead level, divided, not by lines as the English landscape with its hedgerows nearly always is, but by colours—the rectangular patches of its various crops in hedgeless fields. The pale red of new roofs stood out at intervals everywhere, each hamlet like a bed of formal flowers, and to the northward the dull silver sheet of Dickebusch Lake led the eye onwards to the walls and white towers of resurrected Ypres. The sun shone warm in a still air, and on all sides the horizon was closed with blue haze. Only the brightness of all the houses and the absurd youthfulness of all the trees in the landscape could have aroused any suspicions in a stranger who looked upon it.

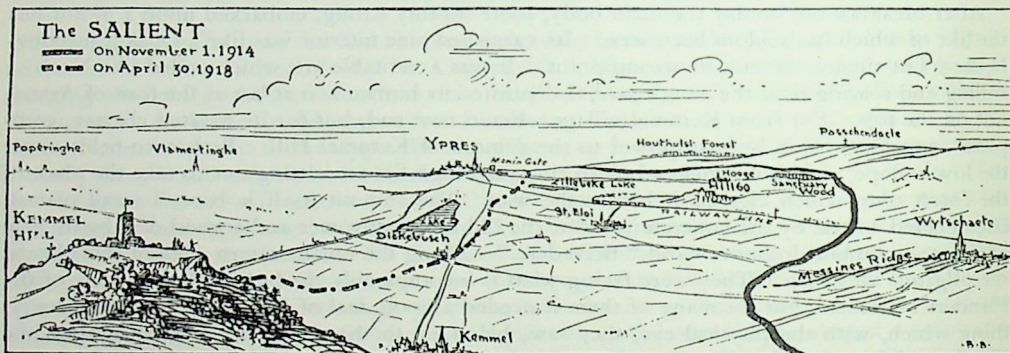
Tubby stood up among the pilgrims and with a few vivid words and a sweep of his arm showed them how "the immortal Salient" came to be. Down there (they strained their eyes to see through the haze) were the chimneys of Lille, the Manchester of France ; and down there in 1914 the little handful which was the Seventh Division was advancing, almost jauntily,



to the occupation of Lille—and, unknowing, to face the great tide of the German army. The forts of Liege were long since silenced, Antwerp had fallen, the Belgian army was fast retiring on the swamps of the Yser : the tide swept on—the enemy was racing the Allies to the coast for the vital possession of the Channel ports. The little handful of khaki halted, held up the tide for incredible moments, retired and held it again. The khaki line was by now strung out right across the countryside before the pilgrims' eyes, a screen which covered the sleepy market town of Ypres. "No more than one thin straggling line of tired-out British troops stood between the Empire and its ruin as an independent first-class Power," wrote Sir John French of these men afterwards. The centre held, the flanks were pushed back : the dangerous bulge into the enemy's line which was to become so famous and to cost our nation such unspeakable agonies for four years, was on the map—the Ypres Salient was born. So Tubby woke this quiet view to new meaning in his hearers' imaginations.

There, at their feet, was the "Messines Ridge"—scarcely any ridge at all, as seen from the superior vantage of Kemmel, but a few undulating fields with the new tower of Wytschaete Church to mark one end and the clustered roofs of Messines village the other. It was not easy to make the newcomer understand what the name "Messines" had meant in 1917—the anxious months of secret preparation, the whole ridge shaken and lifted with the mines roaring upward one daybreak, the clockwork advance of waiting battalions over the ghastly ruin of them, the deliverance which was wrought in a few hours for every hard-pressed man in trenches all over the foreground of this landscape.

And then—1918. How is anyone, even sitting on Kemmel Hill, to envisage '18 in 1927? Far away to the north, beyond the spires and domestic smoke of Ypres, there is the shadow of



Houthulst Forest : pilgrims must listen to the big guns which, from their hiding-places there, are pounding the tumbled bricks of Ypres into mere brickdust. Sweeping thence southwards is the adverse low slope of Passchendaele, scarcely to be discerned in the blue haze of this quiet Sunday morning : pilgrims must tax their imagination to its limits if they will see this ground which seems so truly named—"Passion-dale." They must watch unrelenting agony the winter through, and the spring bringing no relief—the purchase of this bottomless bog yard by yard with the coin of tens of thousands of British lives. And now, in 1918, they must witness that string of water-logged holes and concrete mounds in the mud and rusty tangles of wire which is called "the front line," being abandoned by the survivors of the men who had so dearly won and kept it ; the troops are falling back stubbornly mile by mile until they stand "with their backs to the wall" (as Sir Douglas Haig plainly told them)—and the wall is the



ramparts of Ypres. Still further southward, nearer every hour to where the pilgrim sits on Kemmel Hill, the line swings back under the huge weight of the "Big Push," the last throw of the defeated Prussian gambler, so wonderful that it looks for all the world like overwhelming victory. The flood sweeps every landmark away; it pours over the ridge of Messines, takes the low fields in one stride, brims up the slope towards where the pilgrim sits, pours over the very crest of Kemmel and round its foot until it is clean away behind the pilgrim's back as he faces towards Ypres—Ypres in ruins but still untaken. Bailleul, up to a few months ago a place where a man could shop and dance and dine, is engulfed and in flames; every village to the southward in this landscape is a bonfire, a very Devil's carnival of lights. And then—with sheer wonder—the pilgrim should see how the grey flood is stayed by a brown fence of desperately tired men. *Ils ne passeront pas !*

How is anyone who stands for the first time on this ground to take in the picture of those four years? How is he even to be moved by the word "Kemmel." Kemmel is a very little hill, 450 feet high. It is but the easternmost bump among the "mounts of Flanders"—and even in that insignificant chain Mont des Cats, midway, is six feet higher, and Cassel Hill, at the western end, some twenty. Yet memory goes back to a date in 1918 when, all night through, a magnificent body of young French soldiers was marching by to garrison Kemmel—and to another afternoon, a little later, when the news ran round: "Kemmel has fallen!" And men looked at one another to say "What now?"; and at Kemmel itself, with the smoke of our shells upon it, Kemmel changing its very colour from blue-green to red-brown as the face of it was bombarded away; Kemmel which, as everyone was now conscious, could be seen from end to end of this landscape and from whose hostile eyes nothing could be hid. Memory recalls also how, in those most momentous days and nights the news ran: "The Ninth Division holds the line"—the Highlanders were at the back of Kemmel, and men felt, somehow, that now the rest of the ridge of hills would never fall. *Ils ne passeront pas !*

\* \* \* \* \*

The Pilgrims rose up and prepared to go down the hill again. But before they did so they skirted round it, a little below the summit, along the north side and to the west. Brushing along a narrow track between breast-high bushes of broom and purple flowering spikes of willow-herb, they came at last to a sloping open space, looking across to the next hill of Scherpenberg, the slopes of Mont Rouge and Mont Noir, with the distant top of Mont des Cats, crowned with its monastery, in the gap between them. This slope of Kemmel, still Belgian land but facing France across the narrow valley, contains an *Ossuaire Francaise*, a resting-place of French bones. The French lads who died, to a man, on Kemmel in its last fight are buried there. Tubby had told us how they used to frequent Talbot House just before this time, what high-hearted, humorous lads they were—a *corps d'élite*, "rather like the H.A.C." But their resting-place is a striking contrast to all the British cemeteries on the battlefield, with their carved stones and tended lawns and flowers. A rough rectangle, steeply falling away on the hill, is marked out with whitewashed posts and barbed wire. In the centre is a plain, white-painted cross of wooden planks, some twelve feet high: a few wreaths of artificial flowers of coloured china or wired beads hang about its base. Each corner of the square enclosure is cut across by a gravel path so as to form a triangular plot, and in the centre of each of the four plots a white notice-board is set up on a post: the inscription painted on it reads—*Ici reposent les corps de—militaires francais, morts pour la France et la Liberté pendant la Guerre, 1914-1918*. The number of bodies, represented by the dash in the transcription above, is 1,975 in one plot, 1,814 in another, 724 in the third, and 693 in the fourth—over 5,000 nameless men buried in four common graves. The only inscriptions to be seen are those scribbled in pencil by their relatives and friends on the white paint of the entrance gates. France with her population of ten million less than our



Islands (and so very many millions less than our Empire) lost in action in four years twice as many men as we—nearly two million against nearly one. France, “bled white” of men and with hundreds of villages and towns swept from the map, cannot face the immense outlay of money, of labour and of time which has made our British cemeteries look so beautiful and seem so perfect as gardens of peace. These French lads marched to the slopes of Kemmel singing their songs together; they stood together when the last unimaginable storm burst all round them; an Allied airman, flying over Kemmel Hill at a great height during the battle, is said to have reported them lying on the summit together—“like a patch of bluebells,” ringed with smoke and gas-cloud and fire. They were buried together—with a sheer, bare simplicity which does not go ill with the fierce, fine simplicity of their passing. The pilgrim cannot help being moved (he should not be too much distressed) by the bleakness of this *Ossuaire*, “bone-heap”—Golgotha, “Place of a skull.” At the going down of the sun the light shines full upon this hillside—out of their own country and across to “the corner of a foreign field” where they lie; and there are many still to remember them.

Kemmel, lying so still above the world in the sun, is a dreadful hill. All its story can never be told. In the attic of a bookshop in Cologne, at Christmas time in 1918, the present writer dug out a little German book, intentionally hidden from the eyes of the Army of Occupation. It was called *Der Tod auf Kemmel*—“Death on Kemmel.” It was a little picture, straightforward, keeping no horror back, of the life (and death) of an enemy soldier on the hill under British fire. A few years afterwards, in 1921, Toc H pilgrims on the slopes of Kemmel came upon some rags of grey uniform beside a wooden cross, already rotted and falling: the inscription on it was in German handwriting, in indelible pencil, but none the less undecipherable. All trace has long since gone; this grave—one of how many?—is lost for ever in the hillside. And someone at home remembers a missing son. The story of Kemmel can never all be told.

### *The Golden Spur*

The city of Ypres, like the town of Poperinghe and all others in Flanders that week-end, was *en fete*, and some of the Toc H pilgrims, returning thither during the afternoon from their wanderings beyond the walls, were held up by the crowds and found themselves taking part as spectators in what went forward in the Grand Place.

The Grand Place of Ypres—what an unimaginable stage for peaceful pageantry! For the place had held such awful pageantry of its own. On the first day of November, 1914, the curtain had risen—enter the earliest long-range howitzer shells, with a sound as if the sky were a great sheet of calico being torn across. With clouds of dust and flying debris and with the wailing of terrified children and the rushing hither and thither of her distracted people, Ypres suffered the first blows upon her peace and beauty. At night the place was red—the pavements here and there red with blood, the Cloth Hall, within, a red, roaring furnace, the sky a throbbing red with the unquenchable firelight. The pageantry of the second bombardment, they say who saw it, was crowned with new “effects.” On April 20, '15, the first huge shell from a 42-centimetre siege mortar—the guns that had crushed Namur and Liege—fell in this Square. Eight seconds of roaring crescendo as it approached, a burst which shook the town—and a huge pillar of smoke, twice the height of the Cathedral tower, sprang into the sky and grew sideways in a giant tree of dull yellow fog above the Square. The Grand Place was full of marketing country-folk one minute and the next of a panic-stricken mob: the dead and the dying at their feet cumbered their flight, and through the dust and acrid fumes of the explosion soldiers moved to the rescue. Before the first ambulance was away the next shell roared into this space on devil’s wings. Every twenty minutes the systematic hammer-blow fell and the great funeral plume of smoke was raised hundreds of feet above this tragic stage, to catch strange and



wonderful gleams of yellow and rose from the spring sun between clouds. Two days later a new "effect" was added, with the first wave of chlorine gas ever used in warfare. Ypres that night was a scene from the Inferno, with the incessant crash and glare of shells in the town, the tongues of flame leaping among its house-roofs, the blinking of gunfire round about it, the flares bursting and sinking in the sky. Out of the side streets and through this Square, and on again beyond the station and the Lille Gate to west and south, the panic-broken people, dragging and pushing whatever goods they could save, streamed out along the roads into exile—the roads choked with supply wagons for the troops, with Canadians moving up, and those terror-stricken French Africans, in the agony of gas-poisoning, struggling out of their death-trap. And from thenceforward for four years the tragic pageant of the Grand Place of Ypres was played continuously. The curtain never went down for many hours; the proscenium and the backcloth—the approaches to the Square and that most noble background of St. Martin's and "the Halls"—were shot to pieces; the stage grew gaunt and bare, its boundaries scarcely any more to be distinguished among the low brick heaps which had once been the houses closing it in. See it at last, when the Armistice declared that the play was done, a wide desert space, left solitary by the troops which had moved forward as the battle rolled up the Menin Road into new country. At sundown, when the west towards England is red, see the bruised, unconquered stump of the Cloth Hall standing dark against the sky, and the last light of day caught and sent up again by the great pools in this broken cobbled expanse. That is a pageantry of peace to be remembered: the Grand Place of Ypres at nightfall in 1918 gave a silhouette which is printed permanently on many men's minds. For destruction, so long drawn out, had destroyed the stones but not the City. Ypres in the end had become a spiritual City, a ruin simple and noble and undying because it stood for the fortitude of England.

The pageantry of the Grand Place on the Sunday of the Pilgrimage was as different as possible from all that. The stage, no less than the actors, was changed almost beyond belief. Every house facing upon the Square was as complete as though it had merely awakened from a nightmare and found itself intact after all. The tall stepped gables, the delicate Gothic brickwork of the house-fronts, and the steep roofs with rows of little dormers, reproduce line for line the pre-war country town. The shop-windows are full of bright wares, the pavement outside the *éslaminets* dotted with tables where men drink moderate beer and smoke very moderate cigars, and the bandstand—in honour of the day—has been erected in the centre of the Square. Behind the neat ruin of the Cloth Hall—a "venerable pile," in guide-book language, which might have stood thus for centuries—the new St. Martin's Cathedral is having its roof put on.

There is a big crowd waiting, and many cars are parked in the space at their backs. A burst of music is heard coming up the Rue de Lille, and presently the first band, leading a procession, turns into the Square and marches right across it. It is a very long procession and a gay one, in which children play the leading part. Here are fifty little girls, all dressed in white and crowned with flowers, who march singing: they keep their ranks fairly well over the rough cobbles by holding long ribbons between them—ribbons of the colour prevailing throughout the procession, the black and yellow almost of Toc H. Then there are boys in their Sunday black, with rosettes of black and yellow, and flags in their hats or hands; choirs of children or women in decorated farm wagons (one of them built up, under white and red hangings, as steeply as a theatre gallery); horse-drawn "floats" with swaying *tableaux vivants* worthy of the Lord Mayor's show—the most arresting being a war cemetery of green turf sown with little black wooden crosses, behind which a long-haired, veiled woman in black holds a broken stone cross. Bands and choirs and guilds and troops of laughing "lads of the village" follow one another, with many halts and a little horseplay. Everywhere is the black and yellow, especially the flag of Flanders itself, a truly fine and lively flag with its black lion very rampant



upon a field of clear gold. Bringing up the rear is the most picturesque contingent of all—twenty or more young farmers in blue smocks and black, beflowered hats, waving six-foot lion flags, as they sit their shining great Flemish farm horses, in whose braided tails the lion flag again is stuck, to nod with every step.

And to what purpose all this pageant on a Sunday afternoon? It is the 11th of July, and on July 11 in the year 1302 the Flemish yeomen faced the pick of French knighthood in the marshes before the walls of Courtrai and won the "Battle of the Golden Spur." It was seen that the "red-coats" of Ypres bore themselves well in the fight, and Ypres still remembers. It was "gentlemen" *versus* "the rest" that day, and "the rest" won. For the first time proud chivalry was beaten outright by common burghers, the nobility of the best army in Europe by the citizen militia, the splendidly armoured horseman by the footman with his pike, which in grim humour the Fleming called his *Goedendag* (Good-day). Before the century was out the English bowman and yeoman were to repeat the lesson at Crecy and Poitiers; but the Golden Spur is the pioneer of the people's victories. In a certain sense it was to find its parallel on this same ground again, when the despised handful of the Old Contemptibles held up the proudest war-machine in Europe.

Commemoration can be perverted to queer uses and national pride over-reach itself. There was trouble in Ypres a week before the 11th, when a newspaper, which champions the extremist *Flamingant* party, spoke of the Golden Spur and of the Menin Gate Memorial. The one, it said, was the celebration of Flemish heroism through six centuries—and what was the other? The perpetuation of an episode best forgotten, the invasion of Flanders by British mercenaries, in the pay of British capitalists, who made a ruin of this countryside. British ex-Servicemen in Ypres were enraged—and certainly none of us will blame them; but this thing argues too ludicrous a sense of proportion to be taken in dead earnest. To remember Courtrai after 620 years and forget the Salient after nine will not enter the mind of more than the craziest minority of men. After all, in England we remember Guy Fawkes—with a children's *fête*—and forget the Spanish Armada.

Leave the Grand Place, with its cafés and its bands and its school-children crowned with flowers. Go and stand, barcheaded, for five minutes under the high triple dome of the Menin Gate. Let your eye range among the names carved upon the walls—the golden names of regiments and the black names of their 55,000 men (out of the 90,000) who have no known resting places in Flanders ground. You will have no need to belittle the Golden Spur; but you will find your mind and heart filled with a pity and a pride which leaves no room for the commemoration of any other history than that which belongs to our own Elder Brethren. You will hear no argument but theirs—*True love by life, true love by death is tried: Live thou for England—we for England died.* And your heart may well lift the prayer of "perpetual witness" which Tubby wrote for the opening of this, their Memorial—*Within this Gate let wisdom cry, O Lord, and judgments of truth and peace proceed among all nations; that whoso goeth out and in may in their ways prepare Thy way. By this make all men mindful of those homes which never here may know where Thou hast laid their loved ones; nor be Thyself ashamed to call them brethren, who tasted for our sakes Thy cup of unknown sorrow. Behold! they were dead and are alive again, they were lost and are found in Jesus Christ Our Lord.—Amen.*

### Sanctuary

The beginning, middle and end of this Sunday of Pilgrimage were chosen for a rally of the pilgrims, and each time the rallying-place was a cemetery. In the Salient this choice was entirely natural, and there was nothing morbid in it. After the celebration of Holy Communion in the cinema, the congregation walked round in twos and threes, in silence and hat in



hand, to the Reservoir Cemetery behind the Prison, where, had the weather prospect the night before been fair, the service itself would have been held. Standing in groups among the white stones and about the tall Cross of Sacrifice in the centre, they sang together the *Pilgrims' Hymn*—"He who would valiant be"—before separating for breakfast.

After lunch nearly all of them set out, with various routes and transport, to meet in the great cemetery of Tyne Cot, where rest the bodies of 12,000 men, and on the stately colonnade of which the names of 35,000 more, who have no graves at all, are inscribed. Tyne Cot is the most impressive, as it is the largest, of all the many British resting-places in the Salient. It lies up the gentle slope of Passchendaele, battalion on battalion of white stones upon the green grass and among flowers. Three immense concrete "pill-boxes," loop-holed towards Ypres for German machine-guns, have been taken into the design at the lower edge: to-day the Rambler roses strive fast to cover their grimness. And the boundary at the top is a long sweep of brick and stone, rising at each extremity into a low dome on which a kneeling angel of white stone looks down, warden of this garden of sleep. The Cross of Sacrifice in the centre of the ground, founded on a concrete blockhouse, is raised high on terraced steps, from the top of which a man may survey the bitterest ground of the whole war running away westward into the plain on which Ypres itself, with its towers, is set like a crown: facing about northward he can fancy he has a glimpse of the sea. All up the steps of the Cross the pilgrims seated themselves, while Tubby, for a few minutes, spoke to them. He tried to make them realise the nature of the ground upon which they were looking down—the laborious drainage of the fields bleached by shell fire, the water loosed and beyond control; the duck-board tracks criss-crossing it, from which a man, wounded or exhausted, would stumble sideways and sink down and down until the quagmire closed above him for ever; the waterlogged trenches and shell holes in which our kindred endured the long days and nights between the mad moments of their yard-by-yard attack. Another pilgrim then took up the story, and, with an economy of words that told strongly upon his hearers, described one night as an instance of many—his battalion roused from rest at Vlamertinghe, midway between Ypres and "Pop," fallen in under darkness and marched up the road; its arrival in the line "down there" at first daybreak; its launch, with scarcely any pause, into action; its mad hour of stumbling forward behind the stunning barrage of our gunfire in which a man could make no shouted word reach his neighbour; its great losses and little gains. "Down there," in the ruins of a church, he had written his report under fire—and the church to-day stood before the pilgrims' eyes in the middle distance, a new, unbroken spire above the red roofs of a village. No hour during the Pilgrimage spoke so uncompromisingly to some of the pilgrims as the one they spent in the sunshine at Tyne Cot.

The evening rally of all the pilgrims was in a cemetery, too—there could be no other place for them than Sanctuary Wood. Across the Ridge or out from Ypres they converged upon Maple Avenue and streamed up towards Hill 62, with its scrub of new trees and the noble rose-carpeted terraces of the Canadian Memorial. At the foot of the slope they turned aside into the gate of Sanctuary Wood Cemetery. This is a little place compared with many, a square of cropped turf cut out of the cornfields by a low brick wall. The Cross of Sacrifice rises in the centre, and many lesser crosses of wood stand about it on graves which still await their carved headstones. And thus it is that Gilbert Talbot's grave still remains. It lies in the far corner, by itself apart: there are bright flowers growing at the foot, and for background the red wall with a waving screen of green barley overtopping it in the field beyond. Some chance has planted two wooden crosses on it, with identical inscriptions stamped on the aluminium plates: the crosses are set close one against the other, and, whether by accident or design, the front one is driven deeper into the earth than its fellow, so that the two together form a perfect double cross—the Double Cross of Ypres and of Toc H.



Gathering into a semicircle before the tall central Cross, the pilgrims sang their hymn "Blest be the day that called I was a pilgrim for to be"; they seated themselves in a ring on the grass while one spoke to them. The level sun behind them filled this little garden with deepening golden light. The day was ending—the day crowded with so much remembrance of fierce struggle and suffering, the day which had been spent in fellowship and freedom and with many moments of sheer light-heartedness as well as of deep-mindedness. And at the day's end, what was there for a preacher to say? The whole day had spoken to those who had ears to hear. And, so, little indeed was said. In their day's wandering the pilgrims had remarked that this countryside, so wonderfully restored by Nature's gift and men's labour, lacked trees more than all. Saplings lined the roadsides, and the forests were mere brushwood. And yet it is full of Trees, more full than any ground before: over it all, in whatever direction the pilgrim turns his eyes, the white stems of them rise in the midst of tended garden places, over all "stands God's torture Tree supreme." The Cross of Sacrifice everywhere dominates this countryside—it is inescapable. The Arms once stretched upon it in agony are spread only to bless, the Hands nailed helpless to it are the only Hands that can help the world. And all the lesser crosses—a quarter of a million of them, actually planted or seen with the mind, in these few miles of Flanders—are tokens that the Elder Brethren followed on the same way of suffering and did what lay in them to help in the work of redeeming mankind.

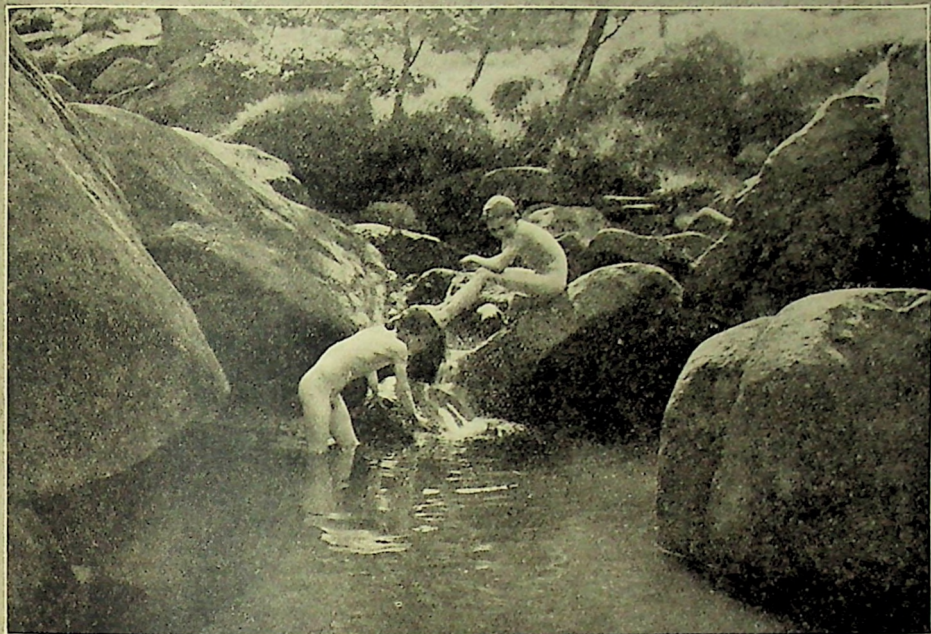
Sanctuary Wood is strangely, beautifully named, and each time Toc H turns, as it often must, towards the garden at its foot, the dual meaning of the name should seem clear. "Sanctuary" has the first simple meaning of "consecrated," a place made holy—and these few miles of the earth are truly consecrated for everyone who remembers the men who wrought there with their lives or who can understand the grand singleness of their spirit. Not only these few miles, indeed, but every field in the world should be "sanctuary" if we could but see it and use it so: all life is intended for holiness—a commonplace saying to all of us, but a truth only to the humblest saints at any time. And, as a secondary meaning, "sanctuary" is a refuge, a place the holiness of which avails a fugitive against his pursuers. Out of the tangle of much business, of small worries, of petty meannesses, which beset the daily wage-earning of so many of us, out of our over-anxious, grudging selves, we ought to turn from time to time towards the resting-places of the Elder Brethren for the example of something larger and simpler. We can "take sanctuary" there, not merely because the gardens where they lie spell peace, but because they prove the Christian paradoxes we find it so hard to believe—that to serve is to be master, that a man must lose his life to find Life indeed. It is easy to be sentimental about cemeteries, to stray into a wilderness of mere pity which bears no fruit in our conduct. But the cemeteries of the war should be true sanctuary—both a ground made holy by the touch of men who rose far above their common selves for our sakes, and a refuge where our hearts and minds can flee from littleness and find courage to face the enemy in ourselves and our surroundings. In the midst of them the Cross is the rallying point for all men, the standard lifted up in sign of hard-won, final victory. "In this Sign conquer."

B. B.

## A NEW BOOK OF THE SALIENT

BETWEEN our Pilgrimage and the opening of the Menin Gate on July 24 there appeared *The Battle Book of Ypres* (John Murray, 10s. 6d.). Its compilers, Beatrix Brice and Lieut.-General Sir William Pulteney, of the Ypres League, have set down, with a fine simplicity, a collection of actual incidents, arranged under the heading of the places in the Salient where they occurred. The cumulative effect is tremendous. There is no page but holds a record of such gallantry as almost to pass belief—except in the story of Ypres which "shall take its place among the epics of the world." This is a book of wonder and pride which many of our members should possess. It is a worthy companion to *The Immortal Salient* (same compilers, same publisher, 1925).





## “ALL ON A SUMMER'S DAY”

Smooth, it slides upon its travel,  
Here a wimple, there a gleam—  
O the clean gravel!  
O the smooth stream!

Sailing blossoms, silver fishes,  
Paven pools as clear as air—  
How a child wishes  
To live down there!

We can see our coloured faces  
Floating on the shaken pool  
Down in cool places,  
Dim and very cool;

Till a wind or water wrinkle,  
Dipping marten, plumping trout,  
Spreads in a twinkle  
And blots all out.

From *The Pool* by  
R. L. STEVENSON.

*(This picture was a happy catch made by Les Abdy, West Midlands 'Navigator,' with his camera.)*





**CAMP !** *Nos. 1, 2 and 5 :* Camp at Grasmere, Transvaal, run by Belgravia Group, South Africa Toc H, in September, 1926. No. 1, Going down the "water shoot"; No. 2, in the River; No. 5, The Camp spells Toc H (see January JOURNAL, 1927, p. 34). *In the oval :* Tubby parades for bathing at a C.L.B. camp, 1926; No. 3 Tubby in the North Sea, and—No. 4—coming out of it. No. 6 : Cranwell R.A.F. boys in the Sleaford Branch camp. *Nos. 7 and 9 :* The first New Zealand Toc H School Camp at Foxton, December 27, 1926—January 8, 1927 (See April JOURNAL, p. 162). No. 8 : Cubs in camp on the London Toc H Sports Ground at New Barnet. *In circle :* After the bathe (A.J. Bromley and Jack Clark).



## PAT'S PROGRESS

PAT LEONARD, hard at work on his "missionary journey" in Australia, keeps in touch with the family of Toc H in Manchester which he left behind by regular letters. We quote now from one which reached home on July 11 and of which we have received a copy. Writing from Brisbane, Pat says :—

June 1st : " There's no better way of beginning the month of June than by a letter to you, for if I can't make it interesting, it will at least assure you that you are in my heart and in my thoughts. I came up to *Queensland*—the country of Tubby's birth—straight from the Birthday Festival at *Newcastle* (see July JOURNAL, p. 262), bringing with me Mark Robinson, the Adelaide Padre, and Leslie Haworth, my *fidus Achates*. From Toc H's point of view, Queensland is the most backward of all the States of the Commonwealth—which is added evidence that 'a prophet is not without honour save in his own country.' It's only fair to say, however, that Queensland has seen less of Tubby than the other States, and really has not heard of Toc H except through occasional mutilated paragraphs in the Press. The tiny Group we left two years ago have stood most nobly to their guns, witnessing dumbly to the light and tradition of the Lamp, but they haven't been strong enough to go forward. Moreover, they have felt very isolated up here, 700 miles from the nearest Group or Branch, and off the beaten track of members coming or going on their lawful occasions.

" Our job while we have been here has been to collect more blokeage for them as much-needed reinforcements, and to interest some of the Senior responsible citizens and business men to form a Council of advice and to stand behind them, to give them the necessary backing and to assure them of a fair do in *Brisbane*. Indirectly we have been strengthening their hands by starting Groups in the smaller cities of Queensland. One birth has already been achieved, and two more are imminent. I was up in *Rockhampton* a week ago, staying with an old pal of mine, who is Bishop of Central Queensland. He knew the old House and filled in an application form a long time ago. Now, thanks to him and to Padre Simons, who learned Toc H from Tubby at All Hallows, a fine Group is busy getting its feet firm. I initiated ten members, including the Bishop as Group Padre, and feel fairly confident that they will make good. *Ipswich*—a large engineering and industrial centre, 50 miles away—and *Southport*, a miniature edition of our Southport, and the home of a big boarding school and of a flourishing Ex-Servicemen's Club—are the two hopefuls. In both places there is a handful of men who are pledged to us, and have already started to build their Group. So though I won't be here to see the birth, I'm confident that before long both Ipswich and Southport will have their Groups. The pivotal man in Southport is J. Robertson, Post Office, Southport, to whom perhaps the Southport Branch might like to send a Godspeed and a message of encouragement. Such links of fellowship and purpose are beyond all words precious to both ends of the chain that now girdles the world and binds young Everyman everywhere to his task."

June 4th : " Yesterday Leslie and I said good-bye to Brisbane and Queensland and came a day's journey towards Sydney—by train to Tweed Heads and then by service car through the Northern Rivers country to the North end of the Coast Railway which runs South to Newcastle, our next stopping-place. The 20 odd miles' gap which we had to do by car is through some of the best scenery I've seen. Twice we had to ferry across wide rivers, and for the bulk of the way were ringed round by sharply pointed hills with the strange shaped mass of Mount Warning, like the Matterhorn, towering 4,000 feet above us. Our destination was *Mullumbimbi*, where last night we had a fine meeting. The village hall was packed to the doors with a friendly, enthusiastic crowd eager to know about Toc H. Leslie and I gave them the lantern lecture. Afterwards we rearranged the Hall and had a very happy social half-hour with refreshments,



questions, *Rogorum* and Family Prayers. The majority of the men were returned diggers, one of whom had driven in nine miles for the meeting. They are keen to start Toc H, and I'm keen that they should try, as an experiment, if for no other reason; if they succeed, it will prove that Toc H can function in a small bush township. So far Toc H out here has been confined to the capital cities and larger centres of population.

Talking of distances fellows come to meetings, reminds me that yesterday a fellow on a station near Mudguraba, who came across Toc H while spending his leave in Brisbane, rode in 25 miles to see Leslie and me go through on the train. The train stopped exactly two minutes, just time to shake hands and photograph each other. He's a ripping type of real Australia and dead keen on Toc H, as you can judge by his 50 miles' ride in the heat for two minutes at the carriage door. His name is Jim Stockwell, and he's a Roman Catholic. I'll show you his photo when I get home as I snapped him in his working clothes, shirt, breeches and leggings."

## "A HOME ON THE ROLLING DEEP"

ALMOST complete darkness, save for a square patch of light coming through some kind of opening in the roof, a sense of rather sultry confinement, a whirr of dynamos or electric fans, and the rush of air being driven through some narrow space. A match is struck and a small flame appears, shining through a flag which apparently partitions off a portion of the room. As the flame burns brighter it throws the shadows of a double cross on the flag. There is a knock, and a figure, rising, challenges, "Who stands without?" The answer, "The bearer of Light," is met with the response, "We bid you welcome." There is a rustle of men rising to their feet, and the bearer of a bronze rush-holder, surmounted by a double cross, enters. His height compels him to stoop. The flickering light of the taper discloses the confined area of the place and its crowded audience. The walls are of steel, painted a light grey, with no break save the T-edge of girders and a complication of metal pipes and electric cables. Some thirty men are dimly discerned, packing the narrow limits of this iron, low-roofed "box." Some are in the familiar blouse and bell trouser of the bluejacket, some in the blue serge of the marine, and some in the uniform jacket of the warrant officer. In a slight recess is a small folding table, towards which the bearer of Light proceeds.

"The brotherhood of Toc H sends you all greetings and the Light. Keep it burning within your Group by maintaining fellowship and service for Everyman, and in remembrance of our Elder Brethren." A warrant-officer receives the Rushlight, saying, "We will maintain the Light by service and love"; and with the words "It is well," the Light is placed in position on the table, and the more familiar ceremony of "Light" goes forward.

Thus was inaugurated, on Friday, July 22nd, on His Majesty's battleship *Ramillies* the first Toc H Group afloat. In due course the first nine members were initiated one by one—the Padre, the Chief Engineer Artificer, a Stoker Petty Officer, a leading Supply Assistant, a Corporal of Marines, a Leading Seaman and ordinary Seaman; in fact, most of the ship's ratings are already represented. Following on the initiation the Padre says the Toc H prayer, the lights go up, and, as all seat themselves as best they can, one can get a chance of looking round at the rows of sunburnt faces and of realising the potentialities of this new, live force added to the family of Toc H. The Jobmaster (Leading-seaman Cumberworth) tells us, with some quiet humour, of their adventures with service on a tour of Clydeside—the hospitals visited and supplied with papers and magazines; the Scouts who would have been entertained on the ship, had they not been kidnapped by others of the ship's company, jealous of Toc H's privilege of showing these lads round; the village folk entertained at Bridport; and the Scouts visited and taught to knot and splice. There followed the General Secretary on what Toc H meant in the life of



a man, and then, after a few words from the evening's chairman (Chief Engineer Artificer Ridley), a successful first rendering of *Rogerus* was achieved, under the leadership of some of the Plymouth Branch visitors. Sea shanties, followed by prayers, brought us to the hour for "piping down." Half an hour later a few of us gathered in the beautiful little chapel, and there, placing the Rushlight on the altar, we stood while Padre Archibald offered up prayers for "the good thing thus begun."

On Sunday morning, so that none could plead ignorance of the new invader into naval life, "Grantibus" took the pulpit (or its substitute) at the quarter-deck service. To those unused to it there is something especially impressive about "church" on a big ship. The spotless deck, the rows of barcheaded men and boys left and right, with the officers in their frock-coats grouped in the centre, while overhead loom the four immense 18-inch guns of the after turrets. The ship's bell is tolling its call to worship, while the string band plays a voluntary, accompanied by the cries of the seagulls as they dip and rise above the blue waters of the harbour. The Padre gives out a hymn, and a thousand voices rise in a full-throated unison to the glory of God Whose blue sky is our roof and Whose blue waters our cradle. Often will the writer and the Plymouth members think of our new missionaries for Toc H as they steam out to the Mediterranean, there to spread and perfect the gospel of Toc H amongst their brethren afloat and shore.

R. C. G.

## MERSEYSIDE AREA CONFERENCE : *July 2nd-3rd*

THE second Annual Conference of the Merseyside Area was held at the Headquarters of the Liverpool Branch on Saturday and Sunday, July 2 and 3. "Grantibus" was Chairman of the Conference, which was attended by delegates and members from all the Branches and Groups in the Area, and also visitors from Manchester (Ted Davidson), Wigan, Ashton-in-Makerfield, Hawarden Test School, and last, but not least, the Secretary of the Jerusalem Group.

1. *Publicity*: The first question discussed was how far local publicity on behalf of Toc H was legitimate and useful. WHITTLE (Liverpool) favoured publicity for explaining Toc H to "the man in the street," not as a means of getting in new members; Padre HARRISON (Liverpool) thought the local press was useful for this purpose; Padre TED DAVIDSON (Manchester) was against "stunt" publicity, e.g., "rags" conducted by Toc H.

2. *Finance*: PRANGLEY (Liverpool) pointed out the advantage a Branch or Group being able to budget according to the amounts promised beforehand by its members. A resolution about setting up Area Finance Committees, brought forward by St. Helens Group, was withdrawn on the Chairman pointing out the constitutional difficulties. The "Toc H Builders" scheme (see Report of the Central Council, May JOURNAL, p. 177) aroused considerable discussion, and was supported by F. W. BAIN (Liverpool and Central Executive).

Supper, at which the Bishop of Liverpool was a guest, was followed by the ceremony of "Light" and a short Branch meeting. The Conference then resumed.

3. *A Merseyside Headquarters?*: Padre HARRISON said that there was definitely a need for a Headquarters and Guest House for the Area from three points of view: (i.) As a centre for the Area and as a permanent address for Toc H in Liverpool; (ii.) As a step towards a Mark where the first few men could begin living together; (iii.) To provide hospitality for members of Toc H overseas and others who were passing through Liverpool and who would otherwise be unable to make any contact with their fellow-members in the Area.

BURNS and WHITTLE (Liverpool) gave instances of the need for such a Headquarters; Padre MCGOWAN (Southport) supported the idea; GRIFFITHS (Jerusalem) said it would be an inspiration to overseas members; JOHNSON (Birkenhead) and PEEL (Waterloo) thought it



should be a matter for Liverpool, not for the Area ; "GREASO" (Knutsford) advised them to go for a Mark straight away, provided there was a team ready to go into it ; FORSTER and PRANGLEY (Liverpool) said that Liverpool had repeatedly shelved this question and should now make a definite move ; the CHAIRMAN said there could be no question of a Mark until they had a whole-time Padre.

4. *A Merseyside Federation ?* : The following resolution was passed—" That this Conference is of the opinion that a Merseyside Area Federation should be formed and that delegates should take back this recommendation to their Branches and Groups and notify the Area Padre as to their views on this question."

On Sunday morning there was a Communion service for Anglican members in St. Catherine's Church. After breakfast the Conference was resumed.

5. *Corporate worship in Toc H family life* : FORSTER (Liverpool) said that Toc H must not be regarded as "a religion" ; several members stressed the value of family prayers at meetings ; BURNS (Liverpool) held that corporate worship was a Toc H job ; the CHAIRMAN said that they should avoid any attempt to get artificial unity in worship.

At the close of this session a short service was held, with various members leading it. In the afternoon the Conference sat again.

6. *Membership* : LETHBRIDGE (Liverpool) gave an excellent talk on obtaining and maintaining a true diversity of members, from the point of view both of age and of type. At the final session the Conference discussed the best way of obtaining new members ; WHITTLE said that the office of Pilot was essential ; BOLTON (Liverpool) suggested that Scouters and club-workers should introduce their elder boys to Toc H ; FORBES (St. Helens) thought that a newcomer should be given a simple job at once. After tea a useful Conference ended.

## THE CLUB MANAGER IN TRAINING

*The scheme here outlined is strongly backed by Col. "Ronnie" Campbell, a Toc H stalwart known to many members, who since leaving the direction of Army P.T. at Aldershot has been on the committee of the Lucas-Tooth Institute. Anyone interested should write to Rex Calkin at Toc H Headquarters.*

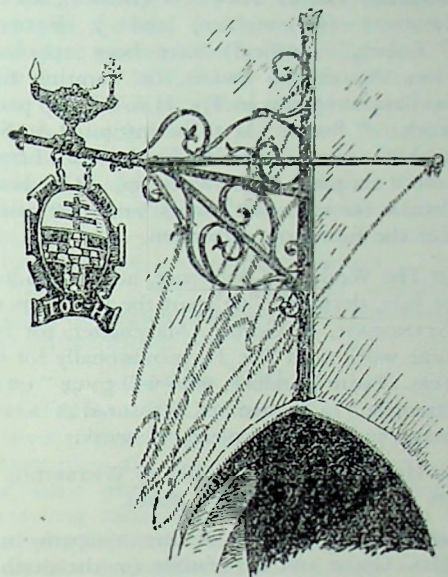
THE Lucas-Tooth Institute and Mansfield House University Settlement are trying an experiment this winter for which they ask the widest possible support. They are arranging a three months' resident full-time course, the ordinary fee, including board and residence at Mansfield House, would be thirty guineas, but arrangements have been made which will enable a limited number of nominations to be accepted free of all charge in a special effort to get the best available men. The afternoons and two evenings a week will be spent at the Lucas-Tooth Training Centre (St. Olave's Institute, Tooley Street, Bermondsey) in a special course, including physical training, gymnastics and instruction in organising, managing and refereeing club sports of different kinds. The mornings and three evenings a week will be spent in a specially drawn up scheme with Mansfield House as a centre, intended to give an insight into social home and industrial conditions of which it is important that Club Managers should have at least a bird's-eye view ; including schools, Labour Exchanges, the Poor Law, Firms' Welfare work, Trade Union activities, Public Health, Housing and other activities of the Borough Council, and also evening visits to representative clubs and similar bodies. Arrangements will be made for as wide as possible a circle of different types of people with whom club workers will come in contact, to meet and discuss with those taking the course matters of interest. The course is purely experimental, but it should provide a unique opportunity of getting a quick insight into a very great number of vital points which most club leaders only gradually pick up with many trials and many unfortunate errors. It is hoped that every effort will be made to provide a good personnel for this first experiment.



## "AT THE SIGN OF TOC H"

ONE of the fascinations of old English streets—in mediæval York, for instance, or Elizabethan London—must have been the innumerable gay signs of Everyman's trade which creaked and glittered in the wind above the heads of the passers-by. Here and there you may see them still, but even the pole beside the barber's door is fast giving way to a mere cardboard face in the window advertising somebody's shaving cream, and the carved Swan or life-sized Red Lion has become a mere name in gold letters on a flat black notice board over the public house. We have lost a true touch of "Merrie England" with the banishment of this hospitable zoology, and already there is some move to get it back. Go to Chichester

or Uckfield, old Sussex towns, for instance, and see how really fine new inn-signs can change and cheer a street. But why leave the monopoly of beauty to beer? Let Everyman tell us, with a bit of honest craftsmanship and a touch of humour and of sheer beauty, if he can, what his trade is, let him (saving the bye-laws) swing out something brighter and more speaking than a name on a square board or a brass plate. And let Toc H lend a hand—for this matter of bringing colour and interest back to everyday life fits well with the "Toc H spirit." Now, Norwich Branch has had an idea; and Norwich Branch happens to have a craftsman among its members who can translate the idea into fact; the sketch herewith shows the 'Toc H sign as it actually hangs above the entrance to Norwich Branch headquarters. The designer and maker is a well-tried member of Toc H, and he is prepared to reproduce the sign for any other Branches or Groups who may like it. A few facts about it:—The Lamp and the Shield of Ypres are made in sheet-metal, cut out, the shield bent to shape, and painted in the true colours, with gilt lettering, etc. (the Lamp could easily be wired and fitted with an electric bulb—to be lit



"when the House is sitting"); the bracket is a stout piece of wrought iron work, with a projecting arm which measures about 3 ft. 8 in. from the wall, and an upright "batten" upon the wall measuring 4 ft. 2 in. high. Measurements could, of course, be modified to suit circumstances. The price is:—Complete, as shown in the sketch, £3; Lamp and Shield (painted and gilded) only, 22s. 6d.; carriage and packing are extra charges. No one who considers the material and the amount and quality of the workmanship should find the price anything but reasonable. Those who are interested should write direct to W. J. Boddy, 20, St. George's Street, Norwich. All Hallows' Porch Room already has one.

B. B.

## THEOLOGY FOR EVERYMAN

PADRE F. R. BARRY'S series of *Rations for Rationalists* which began in these pages in February has been found of great service to members and will be resumed in the Autumn. Our February number also contained an article, signed by Padre Barry, Tubby and others, on *Religion by Mail*—a plan to help members by means of a correspondence course, to answer to themselves and to others for the faith that is in them. Those who were interested in that



announcement will be glad to know that there is a movement on foot to establish Tutorial Classes in Theology at the Guildhouse (Maude Royden, Minister). There will be first-class tutors in New Testament, Old Testament, the philosophy of the Christian Religion, Psychology and Christianity, and so forth. All that is required now is that students should enroll and roll up. They can have two terms of tuition in any one subject for 8s.—and are never likely to get a better bargain than that. They should write at once for particulars to the Hon. Secretaries for Classes, The Guildhouse, 12, Berwick Street, London, S.W. 1.

## MULTUM IN PARVO

✠ Padres HENRY HAWKINS (Bristol), FRANK SPURWAY (Birmingham) and J. REDROBE ("Robey," Sheffield) have been appointed Hon. Association Padres, on vacating their paid appointments in Toc H to take up parish work. "ROBEY" is to be instituted on September 12 as vicar of Fickley-with-Letwell (about six miles from Worksop). Our hearty thanks for their past work and best wishes for the future go with them.

✠ The Wesleyan Conference, held at Bradford in July, decided to set apart the Rev. DONALD STANDFAST, of Gorton, Manchester, for full-time work with Toc H, provisionally for one year. Padre Standfast, who will come "on the strength" in September, is assured of a very warm welcome and plenty of work.

✠ Heartiest congratulations to WEYBRIDGE on its promotion to Branch status.

✠ We express our sincere sympathy with Mrs. Crake and her family on the death of EDRED AUGUSTINE CRAKE (Jobmaster of Beira Group, Agent for Rhodesia Customs), a man much beloved by many friends.

✠ Congratulations to "TOD" THORNBURY (Chairman of West Kent Branch) and Mrs. Thornbury, on the birth of a son.

✠ G. MCG. WHIPHAM (late Secretary, Hull Branch) has been removed from membership of Toc H under Bye-law 2.

✠ In view of the TOC H EXTENSION CAMPAIGN IN CANADA this autumn (see p. 363), the Campaign Secretary, Allen Davidson, at Mark I. C, 11, Kennedy Street, Winnipeg, would be glad to hear from any members who have friends in the prairie provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

✠ TOC H Padres will conduct a short OPEN-AIR SERVICE every Sunday until September 18, about 1.30 p.m., outside the Snake Inn on the Manchester-Glossop-Ashopton-Sheffield main road.

✠ SECRETARIES' LIST: *July Alterations and Additions:* (a) *New Groups*—ABINGTON, H. Burnett, 347, Wellington Road, Northampton; BLACKPOOL, H. Lockett, 5, Claremont Road; LEEDS UNIVERSITY, A. J. Beach, Hostel of the Resurrection, Springfield Mount, Leeds; MACCLESFIELD, F. W. Arnold, Wood Street Mill; SOUTHSEA, J. H. Kcenlyside, "Montagu," Lawrence Road; VALPARAISO, G. L. Wilson, c.o. Gibbs & Co., Valparaiso, Chile, South America; WALSALL, G. H. Bayliss, 42, Lichfield Road; WIGSTON, N. M. Simpson, 17, Midland Cottages, Wigston Magna, Leicester.

(b) *Change of Secretary:* BURRADON, J. Arrel, 53, Edwin's Avenue, Forest Hall; CARRINGTON, H. L. Pink, 77, Exeter Road; CATTERICK CAMP, L. D. M. Patterson, R. Signals Mess; ECCLES, L. M. Warrington, 8, Mather Road; GREAT BUDWORTH, A. Worrall, Mere View; OXFORD (*General Secretary*), D. E. Benbow, Wycliffe Hall, and (*Assistant Secretary*) E. J. Lay, 112, Walton Street; SLOUGH, R. H. Saunders, "Littlecot," Windsor Road; WAKEFIELD, Irvin Child, The Cottage, Bradford Road; YEOVIL, A. E. Jackson, 38, Sparrow Road.

(c) *Change of Secretary's Address:* BLACKBURN Secretary to "The Cathedral," Blackburn; CADIES' GROUP Secretary to "Ivinghoe," 21, Earl's Crescent, Wealdstone; EASTBOURNE Secretary to 14, College Road; SOUTHBANK Secretary to 6, Aire Street; STOCKPORT Secretary to 59, Didsbury Road.



# NEWS FROM BRANCHES AND GROUPS

## London Federation

### *North-Western District*

The fourth *District Guest Night* will be held in Hampstead on Thursday evening, October 6, when Hampstead Branch will be the hosts, and it is hoped Alec Paterson will be the speaker.

MARK VII will commence their Autumn Guest Nights with a "Housey" night on Thursday, September 8, when all past and present Christ's Hospital boys will be the guests of the evening. Tubby will talk, and the Headmaster, W. Hamilton Fyfe, will also be present. All Old Blues are cordially invited to be present. Other Guest Nights (as usual at 8.15 on Thursdays) are:—September 29, Annual General Meeting; October 6, District Guest Night (see above); October 13, Dr. L. F. Browne on "The Old House in Poperinghe" (with lantern); October 20 (Ladies' Guest Night), Mrs. Cecil Chesterton, author of *Darkest London*; October 27, Harry Willink on "A Few Points of Interest in the Law of England."

WILLESDEN held a very delightful open air meeting on July 5 at Donnington, Donnington Road (by invitation of Mr. Stern), when Dr. Skene, the Chairman of Willesden U.D.C., gave an interesting talk. The Group very much regret the removal of Padre Challen to Barking and wish him every success in his new parish. Preparations are in hand for carrying on the Lower Place Boys' Club and All Souls' Boys' Fellowship in the autumn. As the former has a membership of 40 and the latter 150, there will be plenty of jobs for all comers into the Group.

HAMPSTEAD finished their summer programme with a visit to the Radlett Group, which was very much enjoyed; and GOLDER'S GREEN held their last meeting before the autumn on July 12. J. M.

### *Northern District*

ISLINGTON.—Our meetings during June were well attended, and we were very pleased

to see many prospective members, who augur well for the future of the Branch. On June 10 T. Y. Unwin (Islington) gave a short talk on "Buying a House." This meeting was attended by E. T. England (late Chairman Exeter Branch).

Later in the month, W. Cansick (Islington) arranged a Social at Radnor Street Mission, and those present were further enlightened on Toc H and L.W.H. by C.O.E. (Islington) and Miss Wilcox (Shoreditch) respectively. On June 30, A. C. Mackinlay (Islington) organised a Garden Party for the Blind at "Caen Wood Towers," Highgate. Both Islington and Highgate had members assisting, and it is questionable who enjoyed themselves most, the guests or the workers.

*Meetings* : August 16, Members' meeting; August 19, Branch Committee; August 27-28, Branch week-end.

### *Eastern District*

HAROLD WOOD recently put on a concert at the Harold Court Sanatorium, later transporting the Rosebud Concert Party to the same place. Harold Wood gardeners were busy cultivating the Church garden in readiness for the visit of the Bishop of Chelmsford, who dedicated the Parish Church to the new name of St. Peter on July 9. The organising of a Scout Camp at Walton-on-the-Naze and a Scout Carnival in August will fall to their lot.

CHIGWELL-ians are quietly "plodding the furrow behind the plough." All Hallows and St. Margaret's, Bethnal Green, Clubs were recently their guests at tea. Padre Cawley was made welcome on July 3. The Group hopes to run stalls at the local horticultural show on Bank Holiday Monday in aid of the wireless fund for the equipment of the schools.

TOWER HILL says good-bye to the beloved Mac (H. A. Mackinnon) at the end of the month; he goes to enrich Bournemouth Toc H. The "Tin Lizzy" and the weather were very kind on Saturday, July 9, when



twenty youngsters, full of beans, were spirited awa' from kippers and chimneys to green fields and cows for two whole days. Much spadework lies before the knights of the White Tower in the coming autumn and winter.

SOUTHEND Group twelve months ago invited the Eastern District Committee to hold a week-end conference there and incidentally to give assistance in consolidating the Group. On June 25 and 26 they were again the guests of the Group. Alex Birkmire, H. Eastwood, and Freddie Domone (Northern District) attended. Corporate Communion was celebrated for Anglican members at St. Mary's, Prittlewell, and for Free Churchmen at Crowstone Congregational Church, while family meals were taken with the Group. The Committee waded through a formidable looking programme, mainly dealing with autumn activities.

THE CADIES, like Brer Fox, "lay low and say nuffin'," though the good work goes on both in and out of the Battalion. Their busy time is upon them when the 1st Cadet Batt. K.R.R.'s go to camp in the early part of August; they hope to entertain and visit Canterbury Branch as in previous years, and also to arrange sports meetings and concerts for the Camp. They would be grateful for a look up from any members in Herne Bay during their stay.

BARKING has instituted a Camping Fund for youths in needy circumstances. Excellent response has been forthcoming, and a first party of lads were sent to Harold Wood in the Whitsun week-end. Big supplies of tin-foil are being collected for local hospitals, which have also been visited by members of the Group. June 16 saw the "Barkers" in charge of the amusements park at a Church garden *fete*. Meetings are being held frequently during the summer months at the homes of the various married members, the reason being, we are told, that the "missus" usually manages to provide the large starving family with an appetising supper. Noisy Eastern District will invade this little village on July 22.

KLINKATEL.

### *South-Western District*

TWICKENHAM.—The Boys' Club continues to be our main job, and the experience we have gained during our first winter and summer will stand us in good stead next year with such a large organisation. The Club has a cricket team, which is doing very well. Esher and Twickenham Groups engaged in a friendly cricket match at Twickenham on July 12, which the home team won. By kind permission of the Vicar, a Toc H Service was held in All Saints' Parish Church on Sunday evening, May 1: we very much appreciated having the collection placed at our disposal for the benefit of the Boys' Club funds. On May 4 and 5 Toc H members took part in a very successful "Pageant of Twickenham History" at the Town Hall. Some of the Boys' Club members showed good promise in the Junior Boxing Tournament which took place at the Town Hall on Saturday, May 28. Group members acted as stewards. We also assisted at a Fete arranged by the local C.L.B. on July 9. SHEP.

### *Western District*

MARK I.—The new House in Pembridge Gardens received its first hostellers on July 4, and for some weeks afterwards all hands have been busy putting the House straight. Our first visitors have been the Bishop of Lebombo (Portuguese East Africa) and four native Christians who were visiting London for a week.

*Guest Nights* will continue on Wednesdays and it is hoped that as many Branches and Groups as possible will visit the House during the autumn. September 14, Branch General Meeting; September 21, Tubby; September 28, Herbert Cook on "Some Impressions of Palestine" (and also on "The London Sports Club"); October 5, Barkis.

MARK II.—The Branch carried off the Fleming Memorial Cup for the mile team race at the Toc H Sports on June 18. On June 23 Aldous (Islington) made out a very clear case for the League of Nations. The Branch has lost four old and staunch members in a bunch, among them its Jobmaster. E. H. B.



**HAMMERSMITH.**—We are still working at the Boys' Club, the Fulham Infirmary, and on other jobs. At present we are scheming for our new Boys' Club which we hope to open early in October. One of our own members has presented us with a hut for it and is paying for its erection, but we shall want many things (chairs, piano, billiard table, books, etc., or money) to equip it, and appeal to any members who can help us. We had a tip-top week-end camp at Crowborough on June 20.

P. E. C.

### *London Sports Club*

*Rugger Section* : The new Season will open on September 10, under the captaincy of Eric Treacy (Hampstead Branch), with a trial game. On September 17 a practice will be held, to be followed at 6 p.m. by a General Meeting of the Club in the Sports Pavilion at New Barnet. The importance of turning out at the meeting and trials, in view of the matches which come right at the beginning of the Season, is clear. Training will again be carried on, and it is hoped to arrange an evening fixture against a good Club side to assist in getting the teams together.

*Fixtures—1st XV.* : October 1, Old Brightonians, at home; October 8, London Scottish "B," away; October 15, Berkhamsted School, away; October 22, Mill Hill School 2nd XV., away; October 29, King's College 1st XV., away. "A" XV.; September 24 (two matches), Lloyds Bank "B," away, and Old Brightonians "A," at home; October 1, Old Haileyburians "A," at home; October 8, Caterham School, away; October 15, Edgware "B," away; October 22, Mill Hill School 3rd XV., away; October 29, Victoria Athletic, at home. "B" XV.; September 24, Midland Bank "C," away; October 1, Union Athletic, away; October 8, Old Croydonians "A," at home; October 15, Midland Bank "C," at home; October 22, Old Haileyburians "B," at home; October 29, National Provincial Bank "B," away. "C" XV. : A full fixture list has been obtained for a fourth team and will be issued with the fixture card.

Those interested in the Club should get in touch with Tom Beech (the hon. secretary), 24, Leicester Road, New Barnet, or with John Mallet (hon. team secretary), at Mark I, 24, Pembridge Gardens, W.8.

## Home Counties Area

**DOVER.**—In Anno Domini 46, the same year that Saul and Barnabas set forth to evangelise the Roman Empire, some sturdy Roman warriors were building a Lighthouse on the white cliffs of Albion and fortifying it with trench and wall. There it is to this day, and the Dover descendants of those same warriors have lit a Rush-light, and fortified it with Brotherhood and Service. It's only a little glimmer of a light at present, but already it is so shining that certain war-blinded men are comforted thereat, and various dark corners of old Dover are being made less dark. Roman bricks and Roman cement take a long time in the making, but once they are well and truly builded they prove their worth in their endurance, and they stand to-day still a notable tower and sentinel to Dover Castle. Toc H in Dover will not be

content until their Light has flamed into a Lamp, and their Lamp is shining as a Light-house for all men's guidance and their own great comfort. Tubby paid Dover a visit on June 3. After speaking at Dover College in the afternoon, he met a goodly company of the Family, reinforced by detachments from Canterbury, Folkestone, and Whitstable, in the evening. There were also many non-members present in an enquiring mood, and some hard questions were fired at Tubby's attractive figure. Then it was that the flaming sincerity of the speaker gripped his audience, and Toc H benefited mightily.

G. B.

**FOLKESTONE.**—The Group paid a visit to the local dust destructor and, thanks to the Borough Surveyor, learnt much. We have had several interesting talks, and a debate on



"Is gambling, in any form, justifiable?" which produced a very keen discussion. We hope to appoint our Pilot at our next meeting, and are looking out for a new Padre to succeed Padre F. Moyle, who paid us a welcome visit recently.

C. F. F.

**TUNBRIDGE WELLS.**—The Branch was recently visited by two ladies interested in work among mental deficient and others handicapped in different ways, and the Branch has agreed to visit systematically a number of cases in the district. Through the courtesy of the Deputy Mayor of Tunbridge Wells, a party from the Branch enjoyed a visit to the Corporation Water Works. Members have been assisting in flag days in the town on behalf of various good causes.

E. H.

**WEST KENT.**—The monthly meeting of the *Platt Wing* was held at Offham on June 20. For various reasons only Offham members and their lady friends could attend to hear a most interesting talk by Capt. McDougall Porter on "Milk." A few *Otford* members got to Cudham on July 4 to meet Tubby, and *Cudham* visited *Otford* on June 22 and held a splendid debate on "Professionalism in Sport," in which members of the old Pilgrims F.C. and the Harlequins and an ex-director of Preston North-end joined. *Otford* is helping the National Savings Association to start in the village, and all members are preparing for the *fete* on August Bank Holiday, when the annual cricket match of the Branch will be played.

F. C. R.

### East Anglian Area

**CLACTON-ON-SEA.**—During this the second year of the Group's existence we have had more requests for help from local organisations. We have taken on the job of collecting silver paper in the town in aid of the Cottage Hospital; we ran the sports for the Mothers' Welfare, and on July 13 the sports at St. Paul's garden *fete*, and have been asked to help St. John's similarly on July 27. On

June 27 Ridley Wootton, with two others from Felixstowe, bombarded us and gave a most useful talk on Toc H. THE SKIPPER.

**WOODBIDGE AND DISTRICT.**—The Group has been meeting monthly. Our Padre (A. R. Wilkinson) recently gave us a talk on his experiences as a Naval Chaplain.

H. L. J. H.

### East Midlands Area

**NORTHAMPTON.**—During the fine weather of June we held our meetings out-of-doors, and on the 15th spent the evening in the garden of our Padre at St. Mary's Vicarage, with tennis, bowls and business, ending with a short service in church. Our red-letter day in July was the 6th, when our "Padre-founder" Geoff. Lunt (now Archdeacon of

Cairo) paid us a visit while on holiday. The new *Abington* Group is leading the field. On June 17 Padre Siderfin (Leicester) addressed them at a very good meeting; on July 1 the President of Northampton Branch talked to them on "Pilots," and on July 15 their Padre has invited the go-ahead members to his house for a meeting.

BUNNY.

### West Midlands Area

**BIRMINGHAM.**—Recent efforts have been directed towards wiping out the debt still remaining on the purchase of Mark VI. After short but intensive preparation, a fine afternoon on July 2 and the support of many

friends brought us £150. We were deeply indebted to our treasurer and his family for the loan of his garden, house and all that it contained. We regret to report the loss of Padre Spurway, who leaves Birmingham this



month, and also of Padre Parsons ("Why-not"), our Free Church Padre, who is going to Bath in September. We shall miss them both very much indeed. On May 28 a few members and probationers with three L.W.H. members made a half-day visit to All Hallows.

Tubby took us to the Chapel of St. Francis, and members of the Tower Hill Group and the Brothers' House were very real hosts. A Whitsuntide Camp was held at Major Dyott's place near Lichfield. We had a splendid time in spite of the weather. DIRK.

## West and South Yorks Area

**BRIGHOUSE.**—The Group has now been in existence some three months, and has 18 members. It has done several small jobs, such as collecting books and periodicals for the local hospital, and helping, with the sale of programmes, etc., at the recent demonstration in aid of the Infirmary. It has now launched a scheme which promises to be a big affair—"Boots for the Bairns," a fund to provide boots and clothing for necessitous children and others. The educational authority is co-operating. The local Press has backed it warmly, and besides a postal appeal, members are detailed by districts to make personal calls, and are planning a flag day, etc. We hold our meetings weekly, and have had some very good Guest Nights. Prayers and a short reading close all meetings. Our Nonconformist Padre is leaving the town next month, and the Group has decided to attend his farewell service. A. J. C.

**LEEDS.**—The energy of the Local Branch is centred round the Red House Settlement, and plans are being made to extend greatly the scope of work carried on there. We are hoping to make the house the home of the

Branch, and already a number of Hostellers are in residence, and our jobmaster is acting as warden. A Garden Party was recently given in the grounds of "Stonegate" by Miss Kitson (a member of the Red House Council) in aid of its funds. Members of the Branch assisted, and despite the weather, nearly £25 was realised. The Branch has recently been greatly strengthened by the acceptance of the office of President by Col. Sir Edward A. Brotherton, Bart. A scheme of free-will offerings has been adopted by us instead of the usual fixed annual subscription, and although it is yet too early to say definitely, the scheme promises to be very successful.

**ROTHERHAM.**—Outstanding events of the last month have been a talk by Mr. Reynolds of the Hillsborough Boys' Club on his work, and a ramble, in company with Rawmarsh members, in Derbyshire. We are looking forward to a talk by the local Rotary secretary. Our birthday garden party takes place on August 4. The ordinary work of the Branch—Scouts, Hospital, library, etc.—proceeds favourably, and we tackle odd jobs, like flag days, as they come along.

## East and North Yorks Area

**GRANGETOWN.**—At Padre Culmer's wedding on May 9, South Bank and Grange-town members formed a guard of honour with lighted tapers, and after leaving the church, pulled him and his bride in a carriage to the hospital (where Mrs. Culmer was matron) with ropes decorated with Toc H colours. We have about 20 keen members, with 5 probationers, and get 15 members on an average to meetings. Shift work interferes

much with our attendances, but recently members have been coming in at 10 p.m., after their shift, to get a *precis* of the meeting: keen members will fight all obstacles. We hope shortly to put a suitable gift in the church in memory of our initiation as members last summer. On May 16 Padre Tom Garaway, supported by "Dusty" Miller, our Area Secretary, initiated the local L.W.H. Group at our room. Tom spoke afterwards.

We are collecting money for H.Q. in specially designed boxes, and have also started a weekly contribution system. Both schemes are doing well. On June 16 we had a talk from "Pip" (South Bank) on "Class Distinction" and a good discussion; on July 11 Mr. Dolman, from South Bank, spoke on "The Introduction of Christianity into England." On July 18 we are helping South Bank in their collection for the Hull Boys' Orphanage. A "free-and-easy" Guest Night for all Branches and Groups in the district will be held in September. Jobs are fewer in the summer, but we are keeping the chaps together by cricket matches. A ping-pong table, presented to the Group, is used much after a strenuous evening's business.

J. H. C.

MIDDLESBROUGH. — Seven members recently took part in a week-end Retreat at Stokesley Rectory, the conductor being Padre Cawley. It was a coincidence that the Gospel for the Sunday of the Retreat should have been the story of Dives and Lazarus. In looking over our Toc H jobs we have come to the conclusion that the hardest job and the job best worth doing is the running of a Boys' Club. We hear that many Branches have difficulty in finding something which will interest boys aged 14-18, and we therefore ask any members who have experience and ideas to write to our secretary. We want to pool our ideas and make businesslike preparation for the 1927-28 winter session.

JOBMASTER.

## Northern Area

There are now two Toc H Centres in NEWCASTLE—Mark XVIII, which is still Northern Area Headquarters, and "Gibson Street." We should, no doubt, have thought of a better name for the second place; we did, indeed, try "Blue House," with a memory of Manchester's Bleak House, and a most lively sense of the brightness of Jolli Walker's colour scheme. But everybody referred to the new Settlement as "Gibson Street," and as Gibson Street means much the same to a Novocastrian as Waterloo Road or Mile End Road to a Londoner, the title will probably suffice to indicate the purpose and nature of the new Centre. Residents from Mark XVIII take it in turn to live there, and most of them come back to the Mark rich in new knowledge of human nature. Gibson Street was once a public-house, then a marine store; it is now "Everyman's Club," open every evening in the week, and, even in the heat of summertime (when we get it in this cold North), some 50 youths over 16 years of age may be found there. And on Tuesdays you may find the first members of a new Newcastle Group, who were duly commissioned as Missionaries by the parent Branch at the Mark.

Further east in Newcastle, at WALKER, there is now a Hostel for the training of boy

migrants. Toc H interest in the scheme has been crowned by the fact that Kruger of South Shields and "Long'un" of Gateshead have been asked to steward the Hostel for the Migration Committee.

Further east still, at SOUTH SHIELDS, improvements are being made to the Boys' Club in the Arab quarter of the town—a wonderful little club doing valuable and difficult work. South Shields, by the way, have earned the gratitude of Northern members by acting as host for the first Area camp—a camp for Tyneside members, held at Cleadon in July. There were over twenty there; the sun had recovered from the eclipse, and we have discovered one of our originals, Major Atkinson, who revived memories of the Old House and hopes for the future.

Encouraging reports come in from the Area. The new Group at MORPETH is well under weigh, keen and energetic; FELLING have started a Scout Troop and beautified a hut as new headquarters; CARLISLE, too, have new premises. But the problem of the mining villages is not yet solved, though there are signs of a beginning.

R. H. I. S.



## Lancashire Area

LANCASTER.—The Group, which now numbers over 50 members, has had a busy time of late. On June 1 a "Jolly Jaunt" made £73 3s. for Lancaster Royal Infirmary, the District Nursing Association, St. John Ambulance, the Chief Constable's Clog Fund, and the Crippled Children. June 28 was a red-letter day in our history, for H.R.H. the Prince of Wales paid a visit to the town and our fellows turned out in full force to give him a real Toc H welcome. The Prince chatted with our leader, "Skipper," and on hearing that Lancaster was not yet a Branch, expressed a hope that he would light a Lamp for us at the next Birthday Festival.

JOELL.

[We have also received from Lancaster a little book published by one of the members of the Group, to be sold in aid of Group funds. It is entitled *A Fragrant Hour*, and people who never miss reading "The Fragrant Minute," which has made a certain authoress famous in the columns of a certain daily paper, will not be surprised to find that the pithy pages about Toc H, its spirit and its job, which are printed as prose paragraphs, are really rhyming verses. The book is on sale at 2d. a time, and any Branch or Group that wants to see a good idea and to help Lancaster should apply for copies to Norman Wood, The Arcade, Lancaster.—ED.]

## South Coast Area

EASTBOURNE.—On July 8 the dedication of the Group's Rushlight took place at Hampden Park Church. About 20 members were present. This was followed by a Guest Night in the adjoining hall, which proved to be a real "house warmer." Through the

kindness of Dr. Morgan, a friend of the Group, we now have our own headquarters in the East end of the town, and we are starting our Boys' Club there on September 1. This will be open every night (except Thursdays), with services on Sundays. TREV.

## Wessex Area

BOURNEMOUTH. — Our Branch is making steady progress, and we hope to see a neighbouring Group established at a very early date. We are all very sorry to lose our first Padre, the Rev. G. A. Johnstone, who leaves St. Augustine's, Bournemouth, for All Saints', Ryde. He has been with us from the

start, and the Branch owes great gratitude to him. We hope to hear of the birth of a Group in Ryde. The Rev. C. O. Rockett, C.F., of St. Peter's, takes his place, and we welcome him. Our Lamp will remain in its first home, the War Shrine at St. Augustine's. Our secretary is about to be married. C. F. D.

## West Country Area

TAUNTON.—"A gesture of thanksgiving" was the apt phrase by which Padre Frank Spurway described our Fourth Branch Birthday Party held on June 9. About fifty fellows turned up, and we welcomed members from Exeter, Birmingham, Reading, Yeovil, Crewkerne and H.Q. Our Padre (Rev. H. F. Judd) opened his church for us,

his vicarage garden and his church hall. Following this, we sat round and listened with real joy to Peter Monie. It was not an address, hardly a talk, but there just seemed to drop from him ideas, experiences and suggestions concerning the whole family and business of Toc H. Many others spoke, and it became a time of real discussion. H. W.

## Scotland

COATBRIDGE.—Started in February, the Group flourishes. Twenty-two members have been enrolled, and as many are in the Outer Guard (*i.e.*, on probation). The Hon. Laurence Methuen is our Chairman. A club room has been secured in the main street of Coatbridge, and a jumble sale held at the end of May cleared over £50. A strenuous winter's jobbing is ahead. THOR.

EDINBURGH.—Although silent, we have by no means been inactive during the summer. We have run three very successful week-end camps for boys who belong to no organisation, and by keeping in touch with them we hope to do some good. We have helped the Outlook Tower people with the gardens which they started in various odd corners of the slums. We learnt a deal about "Mormonism" from two young American Mormons, who gave us an extremely interesting talk. Some of us visited the Automatic Telephone Exchange, but the midnight walk on the Pentland Hills, fixed for Midsummer night, had to be cancelled owing to the summer weather: there were two inches of rain that night! T. E. P. M.

GLASGOW.—A great day in our career was June 18, when 150 crippled children,

from all quarters of the city, were the guests of Toc H at Milngavie. The Harmony Row Boys' Club continues its weekly swim, and held a most successful outing to Whistlefield on July 2. The Rover Troop in Barlinnie Prison still flourishes, and there are few absentees from parades. Owing to pressure of business David Morris has resigned the Branch secretaryship, and, despite the veto in Toc H upon votes of thanks, we should be indeed ungrateful if we did not acknowledge his services from the early days of the Branch: the seed he then sowed has borne fruit.

FAUX PAS.

IRVINE.—"Well begun—half done" is good advice, and if this newly-formed Group can continue as it has begun Toc H will be a big thing in the Dockyard town. On July 2 the members stepped into the limelight for the first time, and carried out a most successful outing for over 30 children, many of them crippled. The children were conveyed in private cars to the Parish Buildings, and thence in procession to a picturesque field at Montgreenan, kindly lent by Sir James Bell. A gramophone supplied music; there was an abundance of good things to eat, and the new "Uncles" were found willing to do almost anything.

## Ireland, Northern Section

BELFAST.—The last Branch meeting of the season was held in the beautiful grounds of Campbell College. McVicker expounded the purpose of the Schools Service Bureau. The boys were interested, and already 250 books have come for Hospital libraries. Seventy members attended the Somme Anniversary supper, and a feature of the evening was the presence of representatives from Carrickfergus, Lurgan and Lisburn. Major R. D. Williams, M.C., presided, and the Lord Mayor made an admirable impromptu speech. There was a silent toast in memory of the Elder Brethren. A musical programme had been arranged, and among speakers were Padres Paton and Gibson (Lurgan). Mention

was made of eight forms of activity and seven needs; and two members (Smith and Kinaird) were congratulated on their approaching marriages. A Newsboys' Club outing has been arranged, and six Juniors are going to camp with the Cubs. Appreciative speeches were made by prisoners before classes in the Prison closed for the vacation: they seemed sorry to have holidays! A concert-lecture programme, however, has been arranged for them weekly. Next winter's programme includes meetings in Derry, Limavady, Coleraine, Omagh, Comber, and also at Queen's University, Belfast, where hitherto we have made no headway. Greetings have been received from Melbourne. PAT.



## *News from Overseas Branches and Groups*

### CANADA

MONTREAL.—The Group was greatly encouraged by a recent visit from Uncle Harry Ellison, whose all-too-brief sojourn here not only inspired all members themselves, but brought new faces into the family circle. Uncle Harry has left behind him renewed faith and hope in the possibilities of Toc H in Eastern Canada. Our chief work at present lies among Sea-faring Boys, for whom we are running a Club Room in connection with the Montreal Seamen's Institute. Seaport Groups and Branches elsewhere, please note and keep in touch with us.

H. M. W.

TORONTO : MARK II (C).—The outstanding event of the past few weeks was the eagerly anticipated visit, on June 2, of Padre Ellison, who is at present touring Canada with the object of investigating the Toc H potentialities of the Dominion and acquainting himself with local conditions. A strenuous week's work, consisting of interviews with the Toronto editors, conferences with the representatives of the various denominations and a series of most inspiring meetings, resulted in the decision to conduct an extensive publicity campaign in the early Fall. On the

return of "Uncle Harry" in October, at least ten public meetings will be held, five locally and five in the most strategical cities of the Province. By this means we hope to arouse interest in the movement among those to whom Toc H, at the present time, signifies nothing. The preparations entailed will be handled by a Committee chosen from among the Executive, and through the Committee the members will have the opportunity of sharing in the offensive. Thanks to the infectious enthusiasm of "Uncle Harry," the boys are all tremendously keen to "get going," and a highly successful issue is beyond a doubt. Mark II (C) is going steadily ahead, the House is filling, and we have had the pleasure recently of welcoming quite a number of new faces from the Old Country. Our Tuesday Guest-Nights are invariably well attended, and the newcomers to these gatherings are given an insight into the working of Toc H. The Rover camp, ideally situated at Oakville, on the shores of Lake Ontario, has been resumed, and is frequently made use of by the more sedate Tocaichers fleeing for a spell from the hectic city life.

T. W. W.

### NEW ZEALAND

WELLINGTON.—A fine Saturday afternoon at the Children's Home, Berhampore, is among our happy memories. There were a dozen or more of us with pick and shovel levelling a sloping ground to make it into a safe playground for the children. It was great to hear the light-hearted chaff bandied about and to realise that something of the spirit which is building Toc H was present. One of the most important of our regular jobs is the meeting and socialising of the Public School-boys on their arrival from Home; seeing them on their way and keeping in touch with them afterwards. A few of these have come back to town, and we have in

most cases been able to find them employment. Then, again, Ben Malyon, with the help of four or five other chaps, has repaired and renovated the organ of St. Mark's Church. Ben was also chiefly responsible for the Schools Camps at Christmas and Easter time. We have helped our beloved Padre Taylor with his Boys' Club, and the Night School in Taranaki Street, and also with his Spanish Fair at the Town Hall. The Red Cross Home knows that we can always be called upon to wheel patients to any function they may wish to attend—i.e., Anzac Day Services, football matches, circus entertainments, etc. The visiting of those who are permanently disabled

and living in their own homes is invariably a great inspiration; the patience shown, the readiness to join in light-hearted laughter and the welcome given, make the time spent always memorable. Other members have regular jobs with the Port Nicholson Sea

Scouts and St. James' Troup, while another is in attendance at the Boys' Institute Library. Just at present we are looking forward with great joy to a visit from Pat Leonard, who is to spend three or four weeks of July in the Dominion  
C2.

## SOUTH AFRICA

The *Toc H South African Monthly News Sheet* has dropped the last two words of its title and "rushed into print." Its quarto typewritten pages and violet cover have been exchanged for 12 octavo pages between apricot covers. The June number, first of the second volume, contains a good mixture—not least interesting and important, a letter from Harry Devis, Registrar in the Orange Free State, opening discussion on the Colour Problem: he quotes from the report of the Eastern Province Conference in this JOURNAL (April, 1927, p. 150. Strange that news should travel from East London, C.P. *via* London, Eng., to Bloemfontein!) The Editor of the *South African Monthly* invites further views on this, the most difficult of the problems before Toc H in many parts of the world. Among the reports of Groups we note the following facts:—George Muller, a well-known Manchester member who returned lately to South Africa, turned up at a meeting at SPRINGS and told them much; "in fact, he put new life into us all." GRAHAMSTOWN is learning to sing the songs familiar to us in Toc H at home, with others ("neces-

sitating a strong Bantu accent") of their own; they have had a paper from Prof. Dingemans on "Bridge-building"—not in the literal sense—among other talks, and especially "a remarkable little address" from Padre Gilbert Williams, whose visit was "a very bright patch in the history of the Group." They seem to have many jobs on hand—Scouting, coaching schoolboy cricketers, wireless work, and motor drives for Hospitals: "after each meeting two or three blokes may be discerned staggering home under—not the influence of liquor—but a vast burden of books and periodicals" for the Hospitals. CLAREMONT "is becoming consolidated in much the manner in which Uncle Harry led us to expect." Their Rushlight was brought in with ceremony on May 5 and lighted for the first time. BLOEMFONTEIN "now have a good solid crowd of stickers," who are active in hospital work, scouting, and especially children's welfare, for which they are "well on the way to acquiring a large piece of ground for children's games." HILLARY have had good meetings and have started a new Group at *Escombe*.

## SOUTH AMERICA

RIO DE JANEIRO.—Since last writing you the Rio Group has become a little more consolidated. Our membership is not increasing very fast, but we are making solid progress—and that is everything. The only jobs on hand at present are in connection with Mission to Seamen's Institute. At the May Monthly Meeting and Dinner, Sir Alfred Robbins gave a very serious discourse on his

ideas of the true meaning of Toc H and heartened every member present. Our local Patron and your hitherto correspondent for Brazil—Sir Beilby Alston—was present at the June meeting last night and proposed the following telegram, which was sent to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales:—"Rio Group Toc H, dining together, send humble duty and respectful greetings."  
V. T. C. M.